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# Mr. Rhee Puts Out More Flags

LORD ALEXANDER'S decision to cancel his visit to Germany and expedite his journey to the Far East is clear evidence of the grave concern with which the British Government is bound to regard developments in South Korea. Following on the revelations of American ineptitude—to put it no worse—in the administration of the P.W. camps, the intolerable pretensions of Syngman Rhee are creating a situation which not merely plays straight into the hands of the North Korean propagandists, but goes far to destroy the moral basis for the continuance of United Nations' intervention in the peninsula.

In itself, the problem of Koje Island is sufficiently serious to call for a first-hand report by the Minister of Defence—particularly since British troops, under American command, are also involved in clearing up the mess. It is apparent that the policy whereby thousands of prisoners were lumped together in unmanageably large compounds was a grave blunder. Exploiting—naturally enough—such conditions, the prisoners are now so far out of control that it is not easy to see how discipline and order can be re-established without bloodshed on a scale which would be represented by the Communists as a barbarous massacre of unarmed men. That proper control must be exercised cannot be denied; but at present there are too many disquieting reports of "accidental" machine-gun fire and of trigger-happy South Koreans shooting truculent prisoners through the barbed wire. Quite apart from the fact that existing conditions make nonsense of the Americans' claim to have ascertained effectively the prisoners' wishes about repatriation, order must be restored by methods which do not make martyrs or lend themselves to further denunciations by General Nam Il; and this will be a delicate operation.

The question of the camps, however, is overshadowed by political developments in the (still nominally sovereign) Republic of South Korea. Like the "drunk military man" in the Chinese adage, President Syngman Rhee has indeed "put out more flags to increase his military splendour." With the presidential election due in three weeks' time, he appears to have realised that the Assembly, on whom the choice of President constitutionally depends, contained—even after the rigging process to which he subjected it two years ago—an Opposition majority which would vote against him. Having tried in vain to persuade the Assembly to revise the Constitution so as to provide for the election of the next President by a popular vote, which he doubtless reckoned could be "made" by his loyal National Youth brigades, Rhee proceeded first to work up popular demonstrations against the Assembly and then to terrorise it. On the trumped-up charge—obediently launched by his newly chosen Minister of the Interior, Lee Bum Suk—that there was a "Communist conspiracy" afoot, Rhee forced his Cabinet to proclaim martial law, and caused ten Opposition Deputies to be arrested as accomplices in the "plot." Eleven other Deputies, including Kim Sung Soo, the Vice-President, have fled or are in hiding.

This was too much even for Syngman Rhee's own Cabinet. The Assembly having voted unanimously that martial law should be rescinded and the arrested Deputies released, the Cabinet is reported to have endorsed this demand. Rhee, however, was not impressed. Nor, seemingly, has he been impressed by the written protests from the U.N. Commission, backed by verbal remonstrances from General Van Fleet and a message that President Truman was "shocked and amazed." His public retort, through an official spokesman, has been to threaten to order all U.N. agencies out of Korea for their "interference" and to hint that South Korean troops might have to be withdrawn from the front, to enforce in South Korea the regime of martial law which he declines to rescind. Meanwhile, to make sure that the Deputies cannot proceed with the election of a President other than himself—and for this a two-thirds majority is needed—he has ordered his own supporters to boycott the Assembly. His threat to dissolve the Assembly has been postponed "for a few days."

The American public, we have no doubt, will share the emotions which President

Truman has expressed at these doings by the head of a client State on whose behalf the U.S. has spent so much blood and treasure. But in this campaign to preserve "freedom and democracy" in South Korea, British lives also have been lost and British honour put at stake. Lord Alexander, we trust, will not mince his words in making it clear to the U.S. authorities in Tokio and Pusan that the British public would not tolerate the condoning of Syngman Rhee's activities—still less pursuance of the Korean War in the interests of such an irresponsible and disreputable dictator.

### Europe's New Hongkong

Sensational headlines in the popular press—"British Tanks Out in Berlin"—have tended to give a needlessly colourful picture of East-West tension in that city. What the Russians and the Government of the German Democratic Republic have clearly in mind is to create a "hard" frontier, stretching from the Baltic to Czechoslovakia, between the Zones; and they are sealing off many of the exits from West Berlin to the G.D.R. As a counter-move to these tactics, the British investment by armoured forces of the Russian radio station in the Western Sector—an anomalous location which the Russians apparently intended in any case to alter—is really a schoolboyish "tit for tat" gesture. In any case there is no indication that the Soviet authorities contemplate creating a real frontier between the Sectors inside the city—a step which would mean cutting off their nose, since many workers in Eastern Sector factories live in Western Sectors. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the Russians contemplate a new blockade of Berlin. Increasingly used as a clearing house for officially banned trade between Western Germany and Communist countries, the city is much too useful for that reason to the Russians—just as Hongkong serves the purposes of Communist China. Russian strategy, we have little doubt, is aimed not at any dramatic coup, but rather at steadily impressing Western Germans with the painful consequences of definite partition in the event of the Bonn Agreement being ratified.

### Soviet Defence

On a later page of this issue we publish an important article by Mr. J. Miller on Soviet Defence. Mr. Miller, one of the acknowledged authorities on the Soviet economy, is a member of the Soviet Social and Economics Department of Glasgow University and an editor of *Soviet Studies*. His article is a balanced attempt to assess the proportion of the Soviet economy which is being devoted to military preparations and its bearing on Soviet Defence policy. It is clear from the figures quoted that there are no grounds for suggesting that from 1947-51 there was any significant increase in Soviet military preparations. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the reduction in the Soviet Defence allocation between 1945 and 1947—from something over 60 per cent. to 19 per cent. of the budget—is strikingly less than the corresponding reduction in Anglo-American arms. In short, over the post-war years Soviet military expenditure has been more stable, but until 1951 higher, than that of Britain and the U.S. The political conclusions to be drawn from these facts are debatable. But, in judging how the West ought to react to Soviet policy, the reader must remember that the Soviet leaders understandably gave high priority at the end of the war to remedying the deficiencies and defects of military equipment which had cost them so dear in war-time; that the policing of the satellites required a considerable standing army; and that the Red Army, regarded by Moscow as a valuable instrument of both education and public works, fills a very much more prominent role in Soviet society than do the regular forces in this country and the U.S.

### Failure in Bechuanaland

The issue in the Bamangwato Reserve of Bechuanaland, where British South African police have now arrested 38 supporters of the banished Seretse Khama, is clear. It is also serious, and calls for immediate remedial action by the Commonwealth Relations Office. Having failed to secure redress for their grievance—the continued banishment of their chief—an important segment of the Bamangwato tribe has followed private argument—by delegations sent to London—with public demonstration which became, or threatened to become, disorderly. Large forces of police from Southern Rhodesia have consequently been drafted post-haste to Serowe, the capital of the Reserve; and Southern Rhodesian troops are ready to move on Serowe at six hours' notice. The whole life of the Reserve is thrown into confusion.

Never could there be clearer proof of bad policy. For it is useless to argue that the Bamangwato are behaving with unexpected wickedness in continuing to agitate for the return of their chief. Everyone who knew the smallest thing about the situation knew that official efforts to suffocate this agitation had failed and, in the circumstances, were bound to fail. Short of a change of policy, "troubles" were practically inevitable. Indeed, we may be forgiven for suspecting that these "troubles" will be welcome in certain quarters—if only because they will again postpone the development of a Legislative Council in Bechuanaland. It is high time that the Commonwealth Relations Office took its duties in the Protectorate a little more seriously, and ceased to allow its authority to be usurped by the obstructive wishes of White South Africa.

### Boost for the Private Airlines

The Government's plan for allowing independent air-line companies to compete against the national Corporations in the development of overseas services is retrograde and, to put it mildly, unsettling for the Corporations at a crucial moment in their development. Final comment must wait until more detail is known. But the danger is that the Corporations, compelled to continue the operation of all the less profitable routes, will thus be badly placed to compete with the independent operators for the potentially very remunerative traffic, much of it as yet not fully exploited, of passenger excursions and the haulage of freight. On the other hand if the Air Transport Advisory Council, which is to be responsible for approving the independent projects, takes the view that it ought, as a first duty, to safeguard the prosperity of the Corporations, the rewards available may be too small to stimulate private enterprise. If the Government consider that the Corporations have been slow in developing new services—and there is no evidence that this charge can be sustained—Mr. Lennox-Boyd's proper course would have been to use his authority to spur them on. As it is, he appears to have been moved by an arbitrary and somewhat irrational desire to "improve the position of the independent companies" at the expense of the Corporations' prospects of expansion. Yet the private companies, indeed the future of British civil aviation generally, depend on the Corporations' enterprise and expenditure in developing new techniques and new types of aircraft. For this purpose a wise aviation policy will give the Corporations every possible facility to strengthen their position and build up their reserves.

### Reforming the Criminal Law

Every lawyer at the Criminal Bar knows what is wrong with the law of larceny, summary arrest, conspiracy, public mischief, contempt of court, and conviction for "being a suspected person," but it seems to have become a tradition that, whatever we may do from time to time with contract and tort, the criminal law is unalterable. To anyone other than a High Court judge explaining it plausibly to incredulous juries, or a justices' clerk guiding anxious J.P.s, it may well seem that the criminal law must now have attained Coke's "perfection of reason"; and all the absurdities typified in the surviving distinctions between felony and misdemeanour are forgotten. It is good news, therefore, that the Howard League for Penal Reform has now set up a sub-committee of legal men to propagate changes in the criminal law itself. It is probable that its first concern will be to urge the formation of a Governmental Criminal Law Reform Committee, since it is fairly clear that the "Law Reform Committee" recently set up by the Lord Chancellor will confine itself, as all of its predecessors have done, to non-criminal matters.

## WASHINGTON

### The Rivals

*Our Washington Correspondent cables:* The capital to which General Eisenhower returned last Sunday had already sunk into torpor. The transitory invigoration of spring has gone, and, with the sticky summer, Washington has reverted to the sleepy parochial Southern town which is never far below its metropolitan veneer. Day after day the main news in the Washington papers has been a sordid tale of police corruption, and the drove of political correspondents who set off to chronicle Candidate Eisenhower's homecoming in Abilene left with a sense of relief that they were going to cover news instead of to play at covering news. Not for many years has the Washington scene been so unnewsworthy.

The reason is not hard to find. The election already overshadows all other interests, and the news of the election is made outside Washington. Election fever is markedly higher than in 1948. Then disenfranchised Washington managed to retain much of the national interest despite the blandishments of the hustings, for the 1948 election campaign was conducted in a totally different atmosphere. The Berlin airlift had just begun; there was much apprehension of general war; and Palestine was a vexed Anglo-American issue which kept intruding into the campaign. The Republican Congress, which most people

accepted as the forerunner of a Republican Administration, was busy enacting the first instalment of the Marshall Plan, and Republican misgivings were set at rest by the commanding figure of Senator Vandenberg. The White House, State Department, Congress and the public all had much to think about besides the approaching conventions.

To-day international news seems remote from Washington. The complications of the treaties signed in Bonn and in Paris mean little to the average Congressman, still less to the average voter. Despite demonstrations in Berlin, Paris and Koje, no external issue commands attention. Korea is dormant, there is no burning Anglo-American dispute. And the contests for the presidential nominations are much more exciting than they were in 1948.

On the Republican side passions are inflamed. The rage of the Eisenhower supporters at what they regard as a brazen foul in Texas, where the Taft-controlled Republican machine unseated the pro-Eisenhower delegates, has been followed by an even louder scream from the Taftmen on hearing that all Republican delegates have been invited to travel to see Ike, all expenses paid. Indeed the rift between the Taft and Eisenhower camps is now so wide that many begin to wonder whether it can be adequately bridged after the National Convention to enable the Republicans to go to the country with any semblance of a united front.

The rivals have now joined battle in person. The Senator's speech on Sunday was directed far more at the General than at the Truman Administration. Calling for even greater air power, and for the employment of MacArthur's "unique abilities," he derided the notion of "begging bayonets" from Europe and opposed any long-term commitment of U.S. troops either in Europe or Asia. U.S. policy, he said, aiming squarely at the General, must be reformed "by someone who is not bound by the Pentagon policies of recent years." No one denies Taft's bull-headed courage, but it was a gamble for him to challenge the General on his own "military" ground. For Eisenhower deftly used his "non-political" press conference at the Pentagon to make his first reply. Once again, he affirmed the importance of collective security. Though he, too, was for stronger air power, he did not know how wars could be won without "marching armies." Despite his loyalty to Administration policy, he clearly does not intend Taft to manoeuvre him into a position where he is the "war" candidate, and Taft the man of peaceful caution; his line is clearly to argue that the "Pentagon policies" have made a major war much less likely.

The same note was struck by the General in his Abilene speech: U.S. foreign policy must be governed by "cold logic, not senseless fear"; Europe was important, but U.S. foreign aid spending had passed its peak; and, on the home front, the enemies were bureaucracy, corruption, class antagonisms and excessive taxation. All very much what the G.O.P. wanted to hear—even in these imprecise terms.

The Democrats also have their internal troubles, mainly over the attitude of the South towards civil rights. But again there is much greater interest. In every election since 1932 until now there was little doubt that the incumbent President would be renominated. Now the uncertainty adds to the fun. Moreover the relaxed optimism of President Truman, who seems to have started a kind of "whistle-stop campaign" already by making fighting impromptu speeches to every audience he is invited to address, has given heart to many Democrats and revived their hopes.

# The President and the Court

THE first result of the Supreme Court's decision against Mr. Truman's seizure of the steel mills has been the immediate resumption of the strike by 650,000 members of the United Steelworkers. Left without a wage settlement, and now freed from official control, the union leaders had no option but to take up the dispute at the point where it was interrupted by the President's action. The strike may quickly lead to serious steel shortages both for U.S. industry and for other rearmament programmes in the West; and unless there is a speedy compromise, Congress may either demand the use of the Taft-Hartley Act or pass emergency legislation to force the men back to work. Yet the crisis is due not to the men's legitimate wage demands, but to the steel companies' defiance of the arbitration finding.

This Court decision, however, raises two issues of much greater importance than the present contest between the companies and the union. There is, first, the vital constitutional argument about the powers of the President. Secondly, there is the question of public policy in industrial disputes that dislocate essential services or production. In defining the presidential powers more precisely, the Court has left it to Congress to deal with "national" strikes in vital industries.

The Court decided, by six votes to three, that the President had done wrong. There was, Mr. Justice Black held, no Act of Congress which could justify his seizure of property, and his constitutional powers as Commander-in-Chief could not be stretched, however loosely "threat of war" may be construed, to permit his seizure of "private property in order to keep labour disputes from stopping production."

Despite the fact that each of the six Justices who formed the majority found his own reasons for condemning the President, and despite the long drift of the present Court into mediocrity and expediency, this is an authoritative and precedent-making decision. It is significant that the "liberals," Black and Douglas, agreed with their conservative brothers. The three dissentients are none of them legal heavyweights, and their support for the President seems to have been based partly on political loyalty and partly on their apprehensions about the strike.

The Court, however, did not rule that seizure was in itself unconstitutional. On the contrary, it stated clearly that it was within the competence of Congress to "adopt such public policies" as seizure if it wished. Given the present composition of Congress, it is reasonable to assume that any such change in labour legislation could only be directed towards further limitations on the right to strike. The unions, therefore, may well have mixed feelings about this decision. Though seizure was, in this instance, nominally undertaken to bring management to heel, it is bitterly disliked in principle by organised labour, which has suffered under past seizures and injunctions preventing "strikes against the Government." And though the unions may welcome the Court's stringent limitation of the President's emergency powers, they cannot enjoy the prospect of seizure by authority of a Congress which normally presumes "labour legislation" to mean "anti-labour legislation."

It is too soon to measure the impact of this decision upon next November's election. But it will almost certainly make labour law a political issue again. And it might very well suit Mr. Truman—or his Democratic successor—to have something to replace the 1948 Taft-Hartley Act as a spur to the affections of the trade unions for the Democratic cause.

# The Pigeons of M. Duclos

NO matter how great the enthusiasm of Right-wing papers like *Figaro* or *Aurore* over the arrest of Jacques Duclos, the Communist leader, people do not much like it. "The outlawing of the Communists in France in 1939 was the real prelude to Vichy." I have heard many similar reflections voiced in Paris in the last few days. Not just by Communist sympathisers, but by what one might call "good republicans." As M. Buron, one of the more liberal of the M.R.P. leaders remarked, "I am, in principle, against this sort of arrest." On the other hand, there are undoubtedly Vichyites in high places who would like to go right ahead, arrest not only Duclos, but the other Communist leaders, outlaw the C.P., win, in this way, the good graces of the more extreme Gaullists, and turn the National Assembly into a collection of yes-men. But it isn't so simple, after all, and already many members of the Government are beginning to scratch their heads and wonder whether they have not embarked on a very dangerous venture. What has made the whole thing a bit awkward for the Government is that the French still have a great sense of ridicule, and that the story of M. Duclos' "carrier" pigeons has tended to turn the whole thing into a huge joke.

Last Wednesday the Communists decided, despite police prohibition, to hold an anti-Ridgway demonstration. The Place de la République and other "strategic" points were black with police and *gardes mobiles*, heavily armed with truncheons, pistols, tear-gas bombs and whatnot; and it required a good deal of physical courage to "demonstrate" in such conditions. That explains why only the more determined and fanatical *militants*, many of them carrying "*Ridgway Assassin*" and "*Vive la Paix*" banners attached to crowbars, instead of ordinary bits of wood, ventured to challenge the police at all. Hence, on the one hand, the official theory of the Communist "commandos" who, it was said, had *alone* taken part in the riots, and on the other hand the theory, widely current abroad, of the "total indifference of the population." In reality, there are many degrees between "total indifference" and the willingness to take a serious risk of having one's skull cracked by the police.

What I saw of the riots, notably in the Latin Quarter, where a group of Communist students were charged by the police, showed that it was no joke. There was blood all over the place. Yet there was nothing particularly new about the riots. Paris had seen a hundred riots before now, and in the middle 'Thirties they were almost a daily occurrence. If, as the Government said,

Ridgway was only a pretext for the riots, then it might be said with equal justice that the riots were only a pretext for the arrest of Duclos and for the charge made by the Government that all this was "a plot against the safety of the State." It occurred to many people that many similar riots had happened in Paris without their ever being officially described as a "plot." The famous Concorde riots on February 6, 1934, when the rioters did try to break into the Chamber of Deputies was a much more obvious "plot against the State"; yet none of the leaders were charged with plotting. Wednesday's riot had no particular objective; there was no storming of any public building; its only obvious purpose was to "protest."

The arrest of Duclos was something quite different. The first official news was that he had been arrested "red-handed" on the scene of the riots, and that in his car were found a loaded pistol, a truncheon, a wireless transmitter, and two carrier pigeons. The wireless was intended to "intercept police messages" and presumably to send out instructions to the "commandos," and the carrier pigeons to carry the communiqués of the fighting to Stalin. Later news said that the carrier pigeons had been found dead, smothered in a blanket, but "still warm." Later still, it was learned, this time not officially, but only semi-officially, that they were not carriers but ordinary pigeons; Duclos explained that he had got them from a farmer friend the same day and that he and his wife were going to eat them *aux petits pois*. As for the wireless set, it is still being examined by the police; and as for the pistol, Duclos' bodyguard, who was travelling with him in the car, claimed that it belonged to him, and said that he carried this gun ever since Duclos had had a bomb thrown at him at Auch some months ago. It is probable that Duclos' bodyguard will be charged with carrying a pistol without a licence; but the original charge that Duclos was caught red-handed—*en flagrant délit*—ought, in the opinion of every lawyer I know, to be dropped. He was not caught "rioting"; the wireless, for all we know, was an ordinary set with which half the cars in France are equipped; and as for the pigeons—well, they just made everybody roar with laughter.

The *flagrant délit* charge is, however, extremely important, because it was only on that basis that Duclos' parliamentary immunity could be disregarded; and one cannot be caught *en flagrant délit* in the vague art of "plotting against the State." The arrest of Duclos with his pigeons therefore looks like a clumsy frame-up; and the problem now is really quite a different one. If the *flagrant délit* is dropped, then Duclos—and many others—can have only the much more general charge of "plotting against the safety of the State" brought against them; in that case, before anything further is done, the Assembly will have to raise Duclos' parliamentary immunity. And if Duclos is to be deprived of his immunity, why not every other Communist deputy? How far is the Government intending to go in this direction?

Enough "legal texts" can always be found to indict the Communists if the Government wishes to do so, just as it no doubt could, if it wished, charge certain other political groups with "endangering the State." It is much less a legal question than a question of political expediency. Will the Government want to make itself popular with the bourgeoisie by outlawing the Communists, and will it want to make a good impression in the U.S.A.? Or will this outlawing, on the other hand, cause more labour trouble than it's worth? The police raids of the week-end suggest that the Government intends to go right ahead. There may be no official outlawing of the C.P., but the party may be declared to be "in a state of conspiracy," so that individual members can be arrested, as convenient, just because they are Communists—a handsome American contribution to the French political philosophy of 1789.

It is important to realise that the French C.P. has been facing a stiff problem. Its campaign against German rearmament has not produced the desired results; and the Socialists, on whom it primarily depended to veto German rearmament, have, for a variety of reasons—among them, their hatred of the Communists—taken a half-hearted stand in this matter. The official line now taken by the C.P.—as outlined by Billoux who recently had long conversations with Thorez in Moscow—is that the time has come for a tougher policy. Enemy Number One, according to Billoux, is not the U.S. but the French bourgeoisie, which, far from being a "victim" of American colonisation, is its "accomplice." The C.P., therefore, must become more dynamic: it must resist the pursuit of the Indo-China war "more actively" and must make the people of France more conscious of the fact that they have been "sold out" to the U.S. which is preparing to throw them into a preventive war against Russia. It must, in short, "secure a total change in the political orientation of France." Is there anything seditious in these and other points made by Billoux, which would warrant the charge of "plotting against the safety of the State"? Or does the "safety of the State" also imply obedience to the U.S.? Here are questions for lawyers—and the Government—to play with.

Meanwhile the latest news is that three experts are to conduct a post mortem on the famous pigeons and to report, from examination of their entrails, what conspiratorial activities they were capable of accomplishing in their brief life.

*Paris, June 3.* ALEXANDER WERTH

# London Diary

FOR many years the Abortion Law Reform Association has been struggling to bring the law governing the termination of pregnancies into line with modern opinion. At present offences are still determined by Sections 58 and 59 of the Offences Against the Person Act of 1861. The only real progress made since that date was the judgment in the Bourne case in 1939, where the court acquitted a highly distinguished gynæcologist of the charge of performing an illegal operation on an adolescent victim of rape; and in so doing established that "the preservation of the patient's life" could be widely interpreted within the law. But this judgment has proved entirely inadequate to deal with a very serious social evil. Reputable doctors who have not the mantle of a pre-eminent Harley Street reputation to protect them, uncertain of the limits of the law and fearful of the professional consequences of misjudging it, are understandably reluctant to take risks. As things are now, every year hundreds of innocent women bleed to death after back-street operations; hundreds more, suffering from septicæmia, are hustled into hospital, just in time to die, by panic-stricken practitioners, whose principal concern is not to have such an embarrassing death on their hands; and thousands of families are visited with tragedy as a result of hopeless pregnancies, which no civilised society should require its women to endure. At last there are signs that the Association's devoted work may bear fruit. A group of M.P.s of both parties are discussing the possibilities of introducing a Private Member's Bill in the next session of Parliament. Their efforts seem likely to secure a high degree of professional support from both medicine and the law. No doubt they will not attain the Association's full objective of legalising abortion, subject only to its being performed by a qualified medical practitioner. But it should be possible to find a compromise which would be widely acceptable to public opinion and would give the doctor and patient far more discretion to act in the patient's best interests than exists at present. Even if the new Bill in the end did no more than give statutory authority in unequivocal terms to the implications of the Bourne judgment, it would still be worth supporting.

* * *

It is only just over a month since the Labour Party published an important discussion pamphlet, *Problems of Foreign Policy*. Its object was to state a case which could be discussed throughout the movement as the prelude to a new formulation of policy. Mr. Morgan Phillips, in an unusual preface, went out of his way to emphasise that the pamphlet, though an official publication, was not to be regarded as a statement of official policy. Its purpose was to "assist all sections of the Movement to play their full part in the making of policy. . . ." Furthermore, constituency Labour Parties have been told that comments and resolutions on the pamphlet should reach Transport House in good time so that the National Executive can take full account of them in drawing up Party policy. Conscientious party members who have been arranging discussion groups up and down the country in accordance with this advice must, then, be disheartened to hear that the National Executive at its meeting before Whitsun unanimously approved the final draft of a new foreign policy statement, now in course of publication. In other words, a bare month was allowed for the complex business of organised discussion. I cannot believe that this curious piece of timing was deliberately designed to frustrate the expression of rank-and-file opinion. It is far more likely to have arisen from muddle between two departments. But I hope that Morgan Phillips will be able to prevent its recurrence in other policy discussions. The publication of tendentious pamphlets in order to provoke debate is an excellent idea. It does surely follow, however, that the official formulation of new policies must be timed so as to preserve at least the form of consultation between the National Executive and its constituent bodies.

* * *

Some correspondents have written suggesting that, in view of the political situation in South Africa, the officially sponsored visit of the Old Vic Company, which opened in Johannesburg this week, is inappropriate. I respect this argument and share the views of those who wish to join the fight against racial discrimination in the Union and the incipient Fascism of Dr. Malan's Government. But I doubt if the cause of freedom is really helped by withholding from such South Africans as have the opportunity to appreciate it, one of our finest—if at present slightly tarnished—cultural jewels. A very different suggestion, and one for which there seems to be no justification, was voiced by Mr. Donald Wolfit in a recent speech, when he castigated the Old Vic management for including *Othello* in the company's South African repertoire. If this view were confined to Mr. Wolfit, one could deplore it without taking it too seriously. In fact, I am told, it originated inside the governing body of the Vic and was supported in at least some powerful quarters of the Foreign Office. It is to the credit of the Governors that this monstrous proposal was overwhelmingly defeated; and it is an interesting sidelight on the affair that, when the

theatre managements in Johannesburg and Cape Town were invited to express a view, they unanimously insisted that *Othello* was part of the repertoire contracted for and that it must be played as arranged.

* * *

While the Parliamentary battle between the "English" and the Afrikaners in South Africa continues with a growing tension, and outside Parliament wilder and wilder accusations are flung from one side to the other, the non-White communities are quietly preparing their campaign of civil disobedience to racialist laws that is to begin later in the year. In face of these laws and their effect, this battle between the two White communities does seem tragically irrelevant. A correspondent in South Africa sends me a photograph of a large signboard erected on a farm facing the main road between Johannesburg and Vereeniging. "Danger!" reads the notice on this signboard: "Natives, Indians, and Coloureds. If you enter these premises at night, you will be listed as missing. Armed guards shoot on sight, savage dogs devour the corpse. You have been warned!" A large skull-and-crossbones completes the warning. When racial panic reaches this point, anything can happen.

* * *

The Poetry Society is a body which, like most British cultural institutions, has stood staunchly throughout its history for conservative views. It has occasionally, however, handed over its magazine, *The Poetry Review*, to editors with more comprehensive sympathies. The most famous of these was Harold Monro, who saw the magazine taken from him as soon as he had established its reputation. The most recent of them, the poet John Gawsworth, had his contract abruptly and publicly terminated by the retiring Council at the annual general meeting last week. Gawsworth had made the magazine a very readable publication and had printed poets of all ages and schools, from Sir Gilbert Murray to Robert Graves, from Roy Campbell to Stephen Spender, and from Kathleen Raine to Dr. Alex Comfort. He has been dismissed on grounds of economy, though his salary was a very small one and though the Council has recently shown itself ready to lose money on a new publication, "The Voice of Youth." The Society's policy is, of course, its own business, and it may be that many members prefer a review that concentrates on their own little efforts to one that tries to give a general picture of the poetic scene. But *The Poetry Review* is one of the only two magazines of any size, mainly devoted to verse, still published in this country. It will be sad, at least for the general reader, if it now passes into amateur and undistinguished hands.

* * *

I can imagine that the British Legion, campaigning not unreasonably for a thirty-five-shilling increase in disability pensions, was angrily disappointed at the Chancellor's award of a mere ten. It is true also that there are murmurings about the action of its President, Sir Ian Fraser, who supported the award in Parliament. Nevertheless, I should guess that the Legion is quite unsuitable soil for Communism, even if some of its members could be induced to believe that Communism might get it the thirty-five shillings. The four-to-one Whitsun conference vote against banning Communists from Legion membership merely shows the healthy tolerance of conscious strength, though it will complicate life for those who have always declared the Legion to be Fascist. (These, by the way, will be reinforced by this year's decision to dress the Legion's standard-bearers in black berets instead of those tilted bowlers.) The anti-Communist proposal was not new; but coming this year from the county of Kent, where the Dean of Canterbury's doings have a disconcertingly domestic flavour, it loomed larger than usual at the national conference. "I advise you," said Sir Ian Fraser, "to maintain the right of every man to hold the political or religious views which his conscience dictates." An unexceptionable note, sweet and strange-sounding in this day and age; but unlikely, I think, while the Legion steers its precariously non-political course, to bring about its seduction by Communist infiltration.

* * *

The Shropshires, arriving on Koje, were briefed by General Boatner. "Your own sergeant-major was a prisoner in this camp during the last war," he said. "Do nothing to these prisoners here that you would not have wanted done to your sergeant-major when he was a prisoner."

FLAVUS

## ELIZABETHANS

Benjamin Britten and William Plomer are to write a special opera for the Coronation.—*News Item.*

Hee who the death of Culture doth lament
In this, oure new Elizabethan Age,
Shoulde now ask pardon,
For Poet and Musician will present
A goodly Royalle Masque upon the stage
Of Covent Garden.

What though society bee levelled downe,
By levelling some uppe, to make one class?
Future historians
May name these names to bee of such renowne,
They Georgians and Edwardians doe surpass—
Even Victorians!

Lette none then judge beforehand and disdain
Elizabethan opera not yet writ.
These turneful revels
(Passed by the ancient Lord Great Chamberlayne)
May elevate the groundlings of the pit
To higher levels.

This Age hath genius too of high report,
And now, conjoined with some artistic Earls,
Arts Council gallants,
Doe cheer them on to bow before the Court,
As Shakespeare once, and Spenser, Tudor churls,
Displayed their talents.

It may well bee that judges yet unborn,
Will finde these wordes and musick are as fine
As any written,
And say of oure Elizabethan morn,
"O, duket ayres! O, Plomer's mighty line!
O, rare Ben Britten!"

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

Mr. —— said that there was only one real advantage of war, and that was that it gave the opportunity to try to bring permanent peace for all men, and justice in the whole world.—*Burton Daily Mail.* (Frank Pitts.)

The Lido girls have appeared on TV before—in November, 1948. They were flown here for a special show at Alexandra Palace, and worried TV men had to have brassieres made.—*Daily Mirror.* (B. M. Clarke.)

So determined was I that my two young sons should grow up, their mouths unsullied by swear words, that I consulted a psychologist. He said that if I swore freely in front of them, swearing would cease to have any novelty for them and they would not be interested. He was right. My boys do not swear, but I am inextricably in the grip of the swearing habit.—Letter in *Reynold's News.* (L. H. Collier.)

# Soviet Defence

THE single figure for Defence set each year in the Soviet budget is the only overall information published by the Russians on their direct military allocations. We know that it excludes war pensions, internal security forces and much, if not all, of the construction and equipment of arms factories. But the same applies, in one degree or another, to the Defence allocations of other countries. The Finance Minister in his 1949 Budget speech went out of his way to say that the Defence allocation "provides the money for all the outlays of the Soviet Army". The Army includes the Air Force; but such statements are too carefully phrased for the omission of the Navy to be accidental. Information on the structure of the Defence budget is so scarce that this omission is the only evidence we have on the source of financing naval construction. This is probably considerable in surface vessels as well as submarines.

Nearly all the specialist work on this subject is done in the United States. It has been recently facilitated by the acquisition of confidential Soviet price data and the secret national economic plan for 1941, which was captured by the Germans during the war and published last year. Much of the American work, however, suffers seriously from a pursuit of statistical refinement which accords neither with the vast areas of ignorance about present Soviet statistics and organisation, nor with the magnitude of the general assumptions about the U.S.S.R. which arise from the twin convictions that the planned economy is unnatural, and therefore unsound, and that the Kremlin is bent on world-wide aggression. The Americans are probably seriously overestimating the direct Soviet military effort (one respected recent study puts it at a third of the national income in 1948) and even more seriously under-rating the strength of the whole economy.

It is possible, however, to reach some rough and ready conclusions by simpler methods. The figures the Russians do publish are not faked: that they are consistent with the copious data used by their planners and executives has long been accepted by Western specialists, and is confirmed by study of the secret plan for 1941. The table at the foot of page 666 is taken (in milliard roubles) from published budgets.

The Soviet budget covers most of the economy; and its relation to the economy is fairly stable, except for an increase during the past few years in the financing of investment outside the budget—i.e., directly from industrial profits. Apart from the possibility that naval construction was financed from the Defence allocation until 1948 and, in whole or part, from the "national economy" allocation thereafter, it is probable that the scope of the Defence allocation in relation to the budget as a whole has not greatly changed over the past twenty years. The rise and fall over the twenty years of the weight of direct military effort in the economy would, on these assumptions, be reflected in the rise and fall of the *percentage* figures in the table. Price changes can be ignored for the present purpose, except in so far as they alter the relative value of the rouble spent on the three items in the table. But it is reasonable to assume, and there is supporting evidence, that price changes in capital goods have normally affected equipment for the Forces and machinery for the national economy in a similar way, while changes in the prices of consumer services and goods will affect similarly the cost of upkeep of soldiers and the social services.

The peak war effort in relation to the whole available economy was 60 per cent. of the budget, in 1943. Thus the weight of the direct Defence effort in the whole economy dropped to about a third of the wartime maximum, and two-fifths of the wartime average, by 1947, remained around that level until 1950 and is now somewhat higher. By comparison, the Defence outlays of Britain and the United States dropped far more steeply after the war, remained low until 1950 and are now rising far more steeply. Whether Britain and America have now "overtaken" Russia cannot be answered in any absolute sense, except in a unit of value that is both specific to each and common to all. The only such unit is labour; and a calculation has been made in a table of Defence expenditures in terms of industrial man-years published in the U.N. *Economic Survey of Europe in 1950*:

Defence Expenditure in million man-years.

| | 1949 | 1950 | 1951 |
|---|---|---|---|
| U.S.S.R. | 8.4 | 8.8 | 10.2 |
| U.S.A. .. .. | 4.7 | 4.6 | 11.4 |
| Britain .. .. | 2.3 | 2.4 | 4.2 |

The *Survey* stresses the very approximate nature of the calculation. Minor technical objections could be made to some of the methods employed; and it should be noted that the British and American Defence expenditures are total, whereas the budget figure only is used for Russia, whose figures in the table should therefore be increased possibly by as much as a third. But, if we continue the calculation into 1952 (this year's issue of the *Survey* does not do so), such considerations are swamped by the U.S. figure, which rises to something like double that of 1951, while the Russian figure, based on the budget allocation, only rises to 12 and the British to something over 5. The *Survey* points out that the actual Defence burdens are considerably greater than the man-year figures indicate, because the loss of production by Servicemen is greater than the man-years required for their upkeep, apart from dislocations of production due to shortages. If a wider view is taken, however, this is least true of the U.S., where the alternative might well be unprecedented slump, and of the U.S.S.R., whose writers on the budget like to stress the value to the economy of technical training in the Forces. There appears to be no comparable economic advantage to Britain, except in so far as we should share the consequences of an American slump, and in so far as our level of employment depends upon rearmament.

Another simple calculation is made possible by the secret plan for 1941. According to that, the total output of the four war industry Ministries (aircraft, munitions, armaments and shipbuilding) was to be in that year either one-fifth or one-tenth of total industrial output, dependent on the index used. This is, incidentally, an example, though a somewhat extreme one, of how much the apparent shape of an economy is at the mercy of the technical means that are employed to measure it. The Defence allocation for 1941 was set at 37 per cent. of the budget. If we assume other things to be equal, the present 24 per cent. Defence allocation means that either 13 per cent. or 6½ per cent. of Soviet industrial production is now going to military purposes. The lower proportion depends on the actual prices, which include the heavy purchase tax on consumer goods, while the higher proportion depends on the long-term planning prices, which exaggerate machinery and, to a lesser extent, military equipment. Something approaching 13 per cent. is nearer the mark. (This is, incidentally, the percentage of British metal goods production that is destined for Defence purposes this year.) Some addition—probably not an overwhelming one—should be made for military products of the civilian industrial Ministries, and possibly for naval shipbuilding.

Soviet steel output of 30 million tons a year has been contrasted with the West, which has actual production of 128 million and a potential of 180 million tons. Stalin evidently agrees with the significance of this comparison, for he made it clear soon after the war that Russia required a production of at least 60 million tons to be safe. This statement, which also called for 500 million tons of coal, has dominated Soviet life for the past six years, and will continue to do so. Stalin was looking to the 1960's; but these totals will be reached in the present decade, if present rates of expansion are maintained. With natural resources and potential efficiency still only lightly tapped, expansion rates are, in fact, likely to increase, so long as military production is not so heavily increased as to cause a decline in investment, and provided the big schemes to water the scrublands and irrigate the deserts produce the extra food on schedule. Meanwhile the current increase of 4 million tons of steel a year and 24 million of coal can support increases in either Defence or investment according to choice, as well as a significant rise in the low output of industrial consumer goods, which are even beginning to be imported. The immense machinery output and industrial construction are in fact probably being maintained at their previous level; while the increase in production, officially put at 16 per cent. in industry last year, is probably going more to Defence than investment, and in some small part to exports, housing and durable consumer goods. The normal increase of productivity in agriculture is enabling the policy of a more or less constant wage level with annual price reductions to be continued.

Living standards are at least rising clear of the traditional Russian level, and are said by competent recent visitors to be comparable with the present working-class position in Northern Italy and France. The long experience of a controlled policy and economy, and the new price system introduced this year after considerable experimentation and adjustment, make inflation and other economic upsets most unlikely, short of war.

Inflation, it should be noted, is not an unmixed evil: it enables governments to cream off the fruits of rising productivity from the producers. This was done in Russia throughout the pre-war plans and post-war reconstruction. But it is a clumsy and dangerous method, and Russia is probably the only important industrial country where it is not now needed.

The stage now reached, with the beginnings of a genuine surplus over absolute necessity, the conviction in the young people that they will see in their lifetime the absolute abundance of "full Communism," and the deep consolidation of confidence caused by the accession of China, make the U.S.S.R. more formidable than any estimate of its armed forces would indicate. The explicit Soviet calculus of strength fully conforms, in principle, with General Eisenhower's recent statement of priorities for the West: ideas, a sound economy and standing Forces, in that order. It is in the implementation of these desiderata, and the handling of the relation between them, that the Russians score. If there is a basic flaw in their calculus, it lies in the field of ideas; and this will not meet a serious external test until we begin to match their consciousness of historical responsibility in our own far richer political and intellectual idiom. J. MILLER

| | 1933 | 1936 | 1940 | Average of 1941-5 | 1946 | 1947 | 1948 | 1949 | 1950 | Plan for 1951 | Plan for 1952 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Total expenditure .. .. | 42 | 93 | 174 | 220 | 304 | 362 | 371 | 412 | 413 | 451 | 477 |
| Financing the national economy .. .. .. | 25 | 42 | 58 | 53 | 96 | 133 | 147 | 162 | 158 | 179 | 180 |
| Social and cultural measures | 6 | 20 | 41 | 43 | 80 | 107 | 106 | 116 | 117 | 119 | 125 |
| Defence .. .. .. | 1.4 | 15 | 57 | 110 | 73 | 67 | 66 | 79 | 83 | 96 | 114 |
| *Defence proportion of total* .. | 3·3% | 16% | 33% | 50% | 24% | 19% | 18% | 19% | 20% | 21% | 24% |

# The Tory Machine

## II. Lessons For Labour?

Do any features of the Conservative Party point to remediable weaknesses in Labour Party structure? Take first the formulation of policy at the Annual Conference. The pattern of the Tory Conference is designed by the Executive, which chooses from the many resolutions submitted by constituency associations those which are to reach the floor. This procedure enables the leadership to avoid difficult debates. As opposed to this, Labour's deliberations are governed by an elected Conference Arrangements Committee whose recommendations are debated by the Conference. The formal influence of the platform is thus small, and the mechanism of policy decisions may justly be said to be more democratic than that of the Tories. Nevertheless, the National Executive does influence the order of business, and to some extent bulldozes the Conference by its post-war habit of presenting comprehensive policy statements on aspects of broad policy which had to be accepted or rejected as a whole.

The practice is open to criticism. At conferences between election years at least the N.E.C. should make its recommendations felt either through its reaction to the composite resolutions from the floor of conference, or by tabling its own resolutions upon clearly defined and specific issues. This would lead to greater clarity of decision. At a later stage policy statements could be based upon the sum of conference decisions. Of course there is nothing to prevent the N.E.C. from seeking endorsement of policy statements covering fairly narrow issues, agriculture or the social services, for example; but the monstrous, encyclopædic, compendium, take-it-or-leave-it statement can vitiate democratic decision.

At the Head Office level both Abbey House and Transport House are about equal in their effectiveness, although for different reasons. Abbey House has a larger and better-paid staff. The Tories use high salaries as a bait to attract competent technicians. The strength of Transport House is that it has been able to recruit people who could easily win higher rewards outside but are prepared to accept low rewards in order to serve the Party. What Abbey House gains in technique Transport House makes up in enthusiasm; but both competence and enthusiasm are equally capable of making mistakes. The big difference between the two headquarters, however, lies in the effort devoted to Party Education and Youth Organisation. What in Abbey House is an efficient education department backed by a permanent residential college, is, in Transport House, one man and his desk, backed by some summer and week-end schools.

In the provinces the Conservative Central Office Agent has a large staff with an Education Officer, an Information Officer, a Women's Officer,

a Trade Union Organiser and a Young Conservative Organiser. The Labour Party has a Regional Organiser, in some cases an assistant and in all cases a Women's Officer. Even though magnificent service is rendered by the Regional offices of the Labour Party they are still not strong enough. There should be Regional Education Officers and, if we are to make anything of the League of Youth, which is in some areas a hollow mockery, there must be a Regional Youth Officer.

In the constituencies the Conservative Party organisation shows itself to be stronger in some ways than Labour, mainly as a result of the Woolton Revolution. The Conservatives have now the double advantage of professional full-time agents and numbers of voluntary workers. The Labour Party still has its willing voluntary workers, but suffers sadly from a lack of agents. There are just over two hundred agents for 630 constituencies. The gap is filled at election time by the appointment of temporary agents who give up their jobs for a month or so, and part-time agents who try to do their jobs and party work at the same time. Despite the Herculean feats of individuals, this system is not good enough. I firmly believe that the complexity and pressure of modern party warfare demand that the efforts of voluntary workers should be co-ordinated by a trained professional cadre. Yet even to-day there are marginal constituencies without full-time Labour agents.

Labour needs more than agents—it needs good agents. The Labour Party, in the main, attracts people who, after making allowance for a real devotion to the cause, are prepared to work for a salary of £450 to £525 a year, most of which they have to raise themselves by running football schemes, raffles and bazaars. Although Labour has many brilliant agents, this in spite of the system. We ask too much of our people. It is not to be expected that sufficient people will come forward prepared to accept a lower standard of life than they could otherwise win, prepared to relinquish security, and at the same time prepared to devote themselves to the backroom jobs of politics with little chance of advancement.

The Labour Party must, therefore, do two things. First it must reorganise its finances so that more money is spent on agency, more agents provided and better agents attracted. This should be a first call on Party funds. Strangely enough the Labour Party, although chronically hard up, has not, in my experience, which is admittedly limited, tried to budget its expenditure. Admittedly political life is uncertain and estimates will often prove wrong. But this is no excuse for failing to fix priorities. If the Labour Party is to be built on solid foundations agency must come first in order that propaganda and education can be made effective. This must be done even if it means that less money is spent on headquarters services and propaganda.

Conservative candidates are selected by constituency associations from an approved list drawn up by the National Union Standing Advisory Committee on Parliamentary Candidates. Associations are jealous of their autonomy, but in the end they show a remarkable similarity of selection. Lawyers, company directors, connections of the aristocracy, and what have been termed "the horrible products of the managerial revolution" predominate. There have been desperate and involved attempts to persuade safe seats to adopt an occasional genuine Tory trade unionist. It may be a reflection on the calibre of the Tory trade unionists that they have all been overlooked for juvenile baronets, local esquires and displaced diplomats. There is thus an enormous social gulf between the Conservative voter and the Conservative representative.

Here Labour should take warning. A similar gulf began to appear within the Labour Movement in 1945 and has not greatly diminished since. As yet, it is not serious but it may become so. Labour's authority in Parliament is determined more by the number of Members who come originally from the pit, the bench and the factory, than by the number from the Universities. Labour needs more men from the trade union, not more from the Oxford Union.

The pre-war auction system by which would-be Tory M.P.s bought their constituencies has almost been suppressed, largely as a result of a report of the Maxwell Fyfe committee on the reorganisation of the Tory Party. The Tories, in accepting the report, agreed that a candidate's contribution to local funds should be limited to £50 a year. No doubt this can be, and is evaded. No doubt many local associations, deprived of the lump sum from the Member, make it up with similar lump sums from influential local supporters, who might in consequence feel that they have bought the right to dictate local policy.

The maximum contribution which a Labour M.P. may pay is £250 a year, five times the Tory maximum. In some cases this is paid, not by trade unions, but by individuals. In some cases, although not many, thanks to the good sense of constituency parties, the capacity of a nominee to find the £250 plus 80 per cent. of election expenses, either individually or through his union, has been a factor, if not in gaining him the seat, at least in ensuring him a place on the short list. This problem is not as yet very serious. But the Labour Party loses if only one able Socialist loses his chance of election because he cannot bring financial backing.

Now is the time for the Labour Party to look not only at its policy but at its organisation and electoral efficiency. The balance of power rests on the narrow fulcrum of fewer than 100 marginal seats. If some political cataclysm sweeps Labour into power willy-nilly, then the techniques of organisation will not make much difference one way or the other. But if the balance remains as even as now, deficiencies of organisation, which may have cost us up to fifteen seats in 1950, can be disastrous.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

# The New West Africa

## IV. The Importance of Nigeria

THIS year the peoples of Nigeria have moved a long step towards self-government. For Africans everywhere, the implications are likely to be of great significance. Just what these implications may be can be glimpsed only when you realise the size of Nigeria and the number of Nigerians. If you could superimpose Port Harcourt on London, then the capital of Western Nigeria would be west of Dublin, the capital of Eastern Nigeria would be in Yorkshire, Sokoto in the extreme north-west would occupy the Orkneys, while Maiduguri in the extreme north-east would lie in Sweden. But geographical magnitude means little enough in Africa: what is really remarkable about Nigeria is the number of Nigerians. There are probably more than thirty millions of them—more, that is, than the whole population of the rest of West Africa, or six times more than the population of Kenya, or two-and-a-half times more than the population of South Africa. In parts of Iboland the density of population may be as great as 1,500 to the square mile. Even in the northern savannahs these people are thick on the ground. Nowhere else in Africa can you find anything like this.

They are Nigerians by adoption. The three main language groups—Yoruba, Ibo, Hausa—correspond roughly to the western, eastern, and northern regions, though Yoruba and Ibo are, at points, greatly intermingled, and many other languages and tribal fragments complicate the scene. This regionalism is real enough, and has meant that nationalism in Nigeria takes a more complex and less direct course than in the smaller and much more compact Gold Coast.

The several parts of the movement are of varying strength, and at certain points sharply in conflict with one another. The strongest part, and perhaps the most strongly based on the popular will, is the National Convention of Nigeria and the Cameroons. This was Azikiwe's party and, to some extent, it still is—though Azikiwe's henchmen are no longer in control of it and Azikiwe himself has settled down to making money. (His biggest newspaper, the *West African Pilot*, lately published a list of Zik's companies which showed a nominal capital of £614,000 divided among twelve enterprises in each of which Zik has a controlling interest). The N.C.N.C. is often referred to as a party of Ibo as distinct from Nigerian nationalism, but the definition is almost certainly too narrow. This year's parliamentary elections gave the N.C.N.C. all the seats in many-peopled Lagos, and 30 out of 80 seats in the Western House of Assembly, where Yorubas predominate, as well as an overwhelming majority in the Eastern House of Assembly. The ease with which several successful candidates have switched back and forth between one or other section of the nationalist movement suggests that regional loyalties are not really as strong as they are often made to appear.

What is certainly true is that the Action Group, which has a majority in the Western House of Assembly and is led by Obafemi Awolowo, probably the strongest political personality in the whole country, is a party of Yoruba nationalism. Although the currency of European political jargon loses value at a disconcerting rate in West Africa, it is fair to say that the Action Group represents a more conservative and hierarchical pattern of interests than the N.C.N.C., which can lay some claim to being a people's party. Yet Awolowo is probably a more convinced and far-seeing nationalist than any of the present leaders of the N.C.N.C.: he gives the impression, at the moment, of feeling his way but of being capable of growing, if circumstances favour him, both radical and national in stature.

There remains the North. Here everything is in abeyance. "Indirect rule" of the Hausa and other northern peoples—through the congealed autocracy of the Fulani emirs—has created conditions which make constitutional *reform* exceedingly difficult. Transition to self-government may be comparatively easy in the southern regions, because both Yoruba and Ibo peoples (and lesser tribal groups) have for long enjoyed—but for a brief period of British-imposed autocracy—the fundamental conditions which make for self-government. But how do you *reform* a sterile autocracy? Such is the stagnant servitude of the North, indeed, that even revolution would not be easy to accomplish—always supposing that British policy could envisage such a drastic course. It would certainly be wrong to say that the Hausa people are satisfied with their lot: it would be equally wrong to say that they are straining to change it. What seems to be true is something between the two: most observers who know the North well seem to agree that the flood of new ideas and new ambitions from the South is at last making itself felt

there, and that the beginnings of a desire for a new life now stir beneath the uneventful surface.

It is in relation to the North that the Macpherson Constitution—under which parliamentary elections were held throughout Nigeria some months ago—showed a clear political inadequacy. Though committed to undermining the emirate autocracy, this constitution was so engineered as to prevent, as far as one can see, the emergence of any coherent alternative. The youthful group of democratic dissidents, known as the Northern Elements Progressive Union, or N.E.P.U., did surprisingly and encouragingly well at the primary elections in some of the larger towns—only to be annihilated in the "sub-intermediate," "intermediate," and "final" elections to the Northern House of Assembly. They carried, for instance, 19 out of 26 primaries in the Kano town elections, 9 out of 16 primaries in Jos, and 7 out of 14 in Kaduna. Yet the rural vote obliterated them. Not only that: the constitution permitted ten per cent. of the members of the House of Assembly to be nominated at the final stage—so that there is sitting in that House quite a number of "sound emirs' men" who were defeated at the polls. No matter what the personal or political worth of the N.E.P.U. candidates may or may not have been, this procedure in a region which is trying to reform autocracy can only be described as so "clever" as to be merely silly. Senior British officials are now generally willing to admit this, and say that they are looking for ways to rectify the mistake next time.

The marrying of these disparate regions was a constitutional labour of no mean order. What came out of this labour was a federal constitution which put the principal weight on regionalism at the expense of the centre, and which preserved the preponderance of British responsibility at this weak centre. Some of the checks and balances—such as the refusal to individual Ministers of direct responsibility for their own Departments—were too ingenious by half, and will scarcely outlast the first of the five years for which the constitution is supposed to be on trial. But the constitution as a whole—precisely because it does give great political scope to each of the three regions—seems likely to run its course. Admittedly experimental, it none the less takes down many of the more obvious barriers to political progress in Nigeria, and, like the latest constitution in the Gold Coast, opens the way to eventual Dominion status. Nigerian politicians who are often of a conservative and sometimes of an authoritarian point of view—though there are one or two notable exceptions—have plenty to be going on with.

A federal Nigeria, after all, is already much. If the northern emirs had had their way—and, with them, many British officials in the North—Nigeria might have divided into two separate countries. It was a sign of political maturity on the part of the leaders of the southern peoples that they were willing to concede the North a half-share in all the seats in the central House of Representatives. Although this means that the central House contains many men whose background, training, and preferences are all against the growth of democratic forms of government, the price was well worth paying. More and more clearly, the North now sees that it cannot detach itself from the South without detaching itself at the same time from all the manifold material advantages which political progress has to offer. Most convincing evidence of this is in figures for education. In the North there are only five secondary schools (and only one that is really worth the name) with a total of fewer than 300 pupils. But the western region has over 20 secondary schools, and the eastern region rather more than that. West and East have over 6,000 primary schools between them: the North, with nearly half the total population of Nigeria, has fewer than 1,500. Less than a dozen boys (and no girls) from the North have managed to reach the University College of Ibadan, and, shamefully enough, not one of these came from the great and populous city of Kano.

Yet the drive for education which is now seizing the people of the North, as it has long seized the peoples of the South, is also a drive against emirate rule—and a drive, to that extent, against separatism. Even the Northern People's Congress—the "party" of the emirs—begins to show signs of impatience at the stagnation of public life in the North and a readiness to follow the lead which the South has given at many points of policy. Already it seems possible to say that the peoples of Nigeria, having had Nigeria made for them by the British, are themselves at work on the infinitely more difficult task of making Nigerians. They have a long way to go: but it is in that direction—in spite of regional differences which are often acute—that the best of them are moving.

All this makes Nigeria, to my mind, the most stimulating country in Africa. Wherever you go in this country you can feel the pulsation of new and powerful forms of African life. Whether you stay in Lagos, a cosmopolitan city of infinite variety; or sojourn in the hugely populous towns of the western region (with Ibadan, the largest, having a population of more than half a million); or travel through the teeming villages that are hidden in the rain forests of the East; or drive for unending hours across the scrublands of the North to red-walled towns whose ancient form begins to shelter a new and bubbling content of popular initiative: here, in one way or another, you know that you are looking at a land and people whose growth will point the way for all Africa. To reflect, after this, upon the tenacious little absurdities of racialist thought which infect so many White men and women in other parts of the continent is to measure a gulf between the past and the future. While White racialism in South Africa becomes a lunatic hysteria, while a handful of White settlers in Central Africa endeavour before it is too late to fasten their restrictive fetters on the territories they inhabit, great populations in West Africa are marching into the modern world; and are marching fast. To say this is not to under-rate the immense difficulties which these West African peoples will have to overcome. But the fact of this march, and its firmness, towards a heritage long withheld, cannot be denied.

BASIL DAVIDSON

*Kano, Northern Nigeria.*

THE
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In error the name of Messrs. Petters Ltd. was omitted from the page advertisement, entitled "Brains our common wealth," of THE BRUSH ABOE GROUP which appeared in our issue of May 24. The companies of the group should read:—

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# Wide Ladies

UNDER the stare of a cobalt sky which gave Moelwyn and the scarred slopes of Allt Fawr the hard outline of the Apennines, despatchers were loading slates from the quarry trucks into the railway wagons. Counting them by the *mwy* (three slates), they were packing them expertly on edge in tight rows tapped into line by a huge wooden mallet, and with ropes of straw between the rows. Some were noble slates—"duchesses" (24 × 12in.), "countesses" (20 × 10in.)—but the majority were plainer, utilitarian "wide ladies," whose girth is a neat ten inches. These names are not in current trade usage, and I doubt if many English builders know them; but they are habitual in the talk of the slatemakers of Merioneth and Caernarvonshire.

This, of course, was the last stage of an industrial process which begins, so far as the product of Allt Fawr is concerned, deep in a mountain. The rock with which these Welsh quarrymen have to deal, their friend and enemy, is technically—as you may learn from the encyclopædia—"cleaved muds of Lower Palaeozoic age," fused and compressed in earth's agonies millions of years ago. Sometimes, as in the Penrhyn Quarry at Bethesda, or the Dinorwic Quarry at Llanberis, the slate veins, nearly vertical, are exposed on the slope of a mountain, and are worked in open quarries. Sometimes, as at Nantlle, the workings are in deep pits, down whose sides run dizzy ladders, by which the quarrymen reach the steep vein's bedded outcrop. But at Blaenau Festiniog the veins tilt more gently; open quarrying, beyond a certain limit, would mean the uneconomic removal of an increasing over-burden of useless, hard rock; and there is nothing for it but to pursue the vein underground and mine it. At Oakeley Quarry, whither I was bound, the mountain's interior has long since been honeycombed by miles and miles of "levels" driven, floor on floor, at right angles to the "inclines" which follow the downward course of the vein. From these levels the practice is to open up a series of "chambers" which are, in effect, miniature underground quarries, the size of a chapel.

Apart from the engineers and the "securers," whose task it is to "sound" and, at need, pin the roofs, there are three main divisions in the labour force of an underground slate quarry—the miners, the rockmen, and the slatemakers. The miners' work comes first in the scheme of things. Before a new level can be worked, they have the job of sinking an incline from the last existing level, driving a "road" at right angles, and then opening the first new chamber in the vein. The initial step in preparing a chamber is known as *rueffio*—the tunnelling, to the level above, of an upward ventilation shaft which follows the cleavage under the layer of rock which overlies the vein. Next, a scant working space is cleared along the face. The rockmen now take over, leaving the miners to go on driving the level to points where fresh chambers can be opened, after allowing for support-walls forty feet thick or more.

Attacking the face, the rockmen work in pairs. In a new chamber the first move is to cut a "free side," a channel giving elbow-room and running up the slope of the vein alongside the designated support wall. Then a "foot joint," or cleft, along the floor is mechanically cut. After that, a "splitting" hole is bored from the free side along the plane of cleavage; "pillaring" holes are drilled on a line which is to part at right angles to the face (*i.e.*, roughly parallel to the free side); and, after a cannily calculated shot of explosive, a huge slab comes away.

On the floor, the great slab of slate, which may

# NITROGEN

IN 1898, Sir William Crookes warned the world that the human race might soon starve because intensive cultivation was draining the soil of essential plant foods. Yet today, agricultural land has become more productive than ever, for the chemist has learned the necessity for returning to the soil the nitrogen and other elements taken up by the plant in its growth. Nitrogen is a colourless, inert gas that forms four-fifths of the air we breathe. Hundreds of thousands of tons of it are [illegible] over every square mile of the earth's surface, but it [illegible] be "trapped" and then combined with other elements before plants can absorb it in the form of fertilizers. Every day, the great synthetic ammonia factories of I.C.I. convert hundreds of tons of nitrogen from the air into a range of fertilizers that have helped to make British farming the most efficient in the world. And not fertilizers only: I.C.I. also uses nitrogen to make explosives and plastics, resins, paints and leathercloth. I.C.I.'s nylon and other synthetic textile fibres contain nitrogen. So, too, do many of the drugs which I.C.I. contributes to modern medicine.

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weigh 50 tons or more, has to be sliced up into "pillars" for despatch to the surface. First, it is split along the cleavage by hammering in a balanced wedge known as a "plug and feathers." Then the wedge is again applied to a bore-hole, or maybe two, through the face: the result is a huge finger of slate ready for the trolley. One rockman trundles it off to the bottom of the incline, having duly scrawled on it the letter and number of his chamber and its "address" in the *bonc*, or mill, on the surface. Often this "address" takes the form of the initials of a famous rockman long dead but thus immortalised.

In the mill the two slatemakers who work, financially, as a team with their opposite numbers underground, take over the pillars. A good rockman will have split the slab into fingers of a size calculated to produce the largest possible number of "noble" and most remunerative slates. It is up to the slatemakers not to disappoint the rockmen's expectation, and this involves long experience and keen judgment in splitting the pillars and reducing them on the sawing table to the required lengths. The sawed blocks are finally split by hand along the cleavage—slate, be it noted, must be split consistently on the halving principle; you cannot take off a thin slice from a block—and the edges are trimmed to shape. This is still done occasionally by hand, but usually on the long knives of a revolving cutter.

Such is the highly skilled and little-known technique of an industry which began, on capitalist lines, about 170 years ago. Long before that, slate-quarrying had been carried out by little men who leased ground individually from local landlords; but in 1780 Richard Pennant (later Lord Penrhyn) took over all his leases and began large-scale working at Bethesda, increasing the output from 2,000 to 20,000 tons in twenty years. His example was followed at Llanberis by the Assheton-Smith family; and a similar consolidation of small properties took place at Blaenau early last century. The industry prospered. By 1850 the North Wales quarries were employing over 8,000 men and producing nearly 300,000 tons of dressed slate a year. The curve went on rising: by the end of the century there were 16,000 men at work and production near half-a-million tons.

Misfortunes followed. In 1900, with wages low and little done for welfare in an industry where dust can spell death, the men in the Penrhyn Quarry struck, and stayed out for no less than three years before they were defeated. This stoppage of production coincided with the onset of a depression in the building industry and the growing substitution of (cheaper and, to some tastes, brighter and more attractive) tiles for roofing. By 1914 the output of slate and the numbers in employment had been halved in comparison with the peak figures at the turn of the century, and in the inter-war period the industry never recovered its old prosperity. On the eve of World War II, in Merioneth and Caernarvonshire the labour force was around 8,000, producing annually about 220,000 tons of slate, and the impact of the war was a further disaster. New building was stopped from the outset, and only limited repairs permitted. By 1940, sales had fallen to 80,000 tons; over 4,500 men had been obliged to leave the quarries; and though bombing ultimately led to renewed demand for slate, it proved difficult to rebuild the labour force.

Even now, seven years after V.E.-day, with roofing tiles keenly competitive, output and numbers employed are still less than two-thirds of what they were before the war. Set aside market conditions: production is limited by labour shortage. Slatemakers are reasonably ample, and one can see an encouraging number of lads serving their apprenticeship in the *boncian*, but skilled miners and rockmen are hard to obtain. Yet, in the quarries I visited, great strides had been made in dust extraction, and I doubt if fear of silicosis need any longer be a deterrent to work either below ground or in the mills. Wages, too, are reasonably attractive. At Blaenau there is a 44-hour, 5½-day week, and a guaranteed minimum daily wage of 22s. Actual earnings are higher. "Settlement," which takes place monthly on a Friday known as *diwedd mis*, and is based on a negotiated price-list for finished slates of various grades, can yield, in a very good month, as much as £8 per day divisible among the four members of a team; and, so far as I could gather, pay averages between £8 and £9 a week.

Why, then, this shortage of labour, which is entailing to-day a real back-log in long-term development work? I suppose the answer lies in "full employment" elsewhere, though there are few enough alternative jobs in the immediate neighbourhood of the quarries. Or is it that men have come to dislike employment in which piecerate earnings fluctuate, and are bound to fluctuate, sharply? In slate, as in all mining, there are bound to be bad patches both for management and workers. Even in a promising section of the vein, slate may come out which is dotted with fatal *crych*, or "wrinkle," which makes much of the rockmen's work sleaveless, and the monthly settlement a sore disappointment for the quartet. Yet I doubt if higher wages could be paid by the industry on an economic basis, even if it were nationalised. Labour charges, as it is, represent something like 80 per cent. of a quarry's total expenditure; and at current costs of production the impression I derived is that it is exclusively from the "noble," high-priced slates that profit (modest, at that) is derived.

The Rees Committee, which investigated the industry six years ago, suggested that costs might be reduced by increased mechanisation both underground and in the mills; but I personally doubt if much can be done in these directions. In old mines, such as those at Blaenau, the winning of slate to-day is necessarily expensive. Waste is enormous: for every ton of saleable finished slate, over ten tons have to be mined, and the proportion is still more unfavourable in the case of open quarrying, where the whole of the over-burden has to be removed to get at the slate. Even when the pillars reach the mill, there is much "cutting to waste": only a third, at best, of the tonnage of each block is converted into dressed slates.

As for marketing, mass-produced tiles are cheaper, though they have neither the lightness nor the durability of slate, and they need more timbering for framework. Collective propaganda on "Nothing like Slate" lines might be useful; and builders might well be reminded that "colloidal" slates, tinted lastingly in pastel shades, can be as agreeable to the eye as any weathered red roof. But, if demand were thus stimulated, would the lost regiments of rockmen and miners rally to the mountains? Or is *cadernid Gwynedd*, the heart of North Wales, a place, like Lochaber, from which migration is permanent? Is the rain—those famous hundred inches a year in Festiniog—or the chancy work in the deep, dark levels too much for contemporary youth?

I don't know. Twenty miles away, as I pondered these questions, lots of young men from Liverpool and Chester would be risking their necks for sport, on rock faces no less steep than those of Oakeley Quarry. Danger surely is not the deterrent. Dullness of life in the little quarry towns and villages? Perhaps; but those of comradeship in the *cabannau* which no Welshman can feel away belonging from home. . . . As I left Oakeley Quarry, news had come through that Lord Citrine and his colleagues had agreed to pigeon-hole one item in their (otherwise admirable and much maligned) hydro-electric scheme which threatened to drown much of Oakeley with seepage. The miners were smiling: their "wide ladies" would still be dressed; *their* mountain, that old bitch, was saved.

*Blaenau Festiniog.* AYLMER VALLANCE

# Wordmanship

It has required of me some patience (inexcitability, imperturbability, irritability, even temper, tranquil mind, dispassion, tolerance, etc.) to refrain from saying anything about the *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases* till now. But "Roget" was published in 1852, and deserves a review, for very few reference books last a hundred years.

The century-old mystery surrounding Roget is: Who uses it? Every newspaper, every advertising agency, every decently equipped office has a copy. When asked in a flattering way by beginners how they may acquire range and flexibility in the use of words, writers vaguely and perhaps lazily recommend Roget; but ask them if they use the book and they will snap your head off. I frequently recommend it myself, but with subversive intention. For all I know, everyone who possesses a copy may use it, under the desk, as a schoolboy uses Loeb.

I have never actually possessed a Roget; but I use the office copy for entertainment. I could never endure the full title: *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases Classified and Arranged so as to Facilitate the Expression of Ideas and to Assist in Literary Composition.* Long before I had read *The King's English* I smelt in this title what the Fowlers called elegant variation; open the *Thesaurus* at any page and a clatter of clichés, elegantly varied, will confirm the prejudice. I realise that there is a kind of inverted snobbery in boasting that you do not possess a Roget. Most writers who do not will often pretend that they have mislaid their copies. The blunt question "Do you use it much?" may be addressed to a journalist but not to a novelist or poet, or even a radio scriptwriter; the answer is evasive, and makes one feel a cad, as if one had asked a comely woman whether she used a face-pack often. A man on whose shelves you find a thumbed and inkstained copy will tell you that he used it years ago for solving crossword puzzles.

There must be some use for all the copies of Roget in the English-writing world. The press supplies some evidence of this, and literary journalists in particular seem to employ Roget, or to have a kind of trace-memory of him in their typewriters. Turn to the main article in a literary review of standing and you will find the warm Rogetry-words, the inescapables. I tried this and dug out of the first paragraph the expressions signalise, co-ordinated body (of writers), significant (literary career), climate (of defeat), superimposed (picture) and over-all (atmosphere). But I do not think that anyone writes for that review till he is past fifty, so I turned to a younger one to see whether the young are free of Rogetry and whether it is a habit of our middle years. I must admit that in this review I found two seniors producing these expressions: the precise moment (of historical time), a still-born [illegible] a plain straight-under the throat, discernment, searching, perfective and revaluation (the last four in ten lines). But the young man whose work fell beneath my mild and inquiring eye produced so much Rogetry that he appeared to have swallowed Roget whole: most important writer (now living), artistic

phenomena (varied and conflicting), impact (tremendous), awareness (aesthetic), ratiocinative power (exceptional), knowledge (encyclopaedic), daring (great intellectual), synthesis (a new), and sensibility (acute).

Do not think that I misvalue the *Thesaurus*, or that I bite my thumb at Messrs. Longmans for putting it forth in 1852; for, if I did either, my ingratitude would be keener than the serpent's tooth and I should not be able to write sentences like this. I like Roget as an entertainment but I think that he is bad for a writer. I am ambivalent; as he reminds me, I am a shuttlecock, a butterfly, an ass between two bundles of hay. Roget is a collection of English junk-phrases. But in the stable where he keeps that awesome herd of spavined hackneys there are some colts and fillies of phrases. They remind us that the fate of phrases is like the fate of books; some are picked up and passed about, and they not the best, but others lie where they were put down. My very ambivalence about Roget (he tells me) may be termed "letting I dare not wait upon I would", but I prefer the ass between two bundles of hay; call me double-minded, not vacillating, lightsome and giddy rather than irresponsible.

The crossword-solver I mentioned tersely dismissed Roget as a foreigner who set about the tedious work of listing all the words we already know and adding all those we should avoid. He was unkind. There are some words and phrases in Roget worthy of revival, and I think they have escaped becoming clichés because they are often indelicate. But I am worried about the foreigners in answer to whose questions I sometimes have to name Roget. They cannot possibly learn from him the nuances between various English words and phrases. I begin to fear that in their desire for elegant variation they will write to their bank managers about brass, dibs, mopus, roll, jack, spondulics, pile or wads; or that when writing love-letters to their moppets they will look for a synonym for passion and choose rage or *furore*, say they are agog when they mean ardent, or profess themselves rabid when they mean they are dying for the wench.

Apart from foreigners (Roget: foreign bodies, strangers, intruders, interlopers, tramontane, new comers, immigrants, creoles, Afrikanders, outsiders, outlanders, tenderfoots) there is only one class of people who, I can dogmatically assert, use Roget frequently in their daily work. They are advertising men, and particularly the people who write the prose for film posters. The American copywriter who sought a new superlative and plumped for "You'll simply drool" was cribbing from Roget, 297: vomit, spew, puke, bring up, disgorge, expectorate, salivate, clear the throat, hawk, spit, sputter, slobber, drool, drivel.

If as a student of film advertising you wish to learn where vast, stupendous and terrific came from, turn to Section 31 (Greatness), where you will also find the treacherous pair (inexpressible and unspeakable) that recently caught out an Austrian speaker on the Third Programme. Opposite Section 31 is Section 32 (Smallness), a column which demonstrates Roget's need for a third reviser. The section is devoted to pretty little words like tiny, weeny, minikin, dribbling and paltry, but among them we find the totem-word of the film-poster people. It is *atomic*. It hides in a minikin paragraph between a section ending with skin-deep and one beginning with shallow. If you turn to the cross-reference given (and these cross-references are the essence of advanced Rogetry) you will find comfort in Section 501, with its blunt ending: one who will not set the Thames on fire, did not invent gunpowder, *qui n'a pas inventé la poudre*; no conjurer.

IVAN ROE

# The Arts and Entertainment

## PIANO CONCERTOS

In our day the piano concerto has established itself as the most popular of all musical forms; yet there have been few successful additions to the repertory since Rachmaninoff wrote his Third, as long ago as 1909. Modern composers seem to have felt that the old Liszt-Tchaikovsky-Rachmaninoff tradition of glittering virtuosity against a sumptuous orchestral background is played out. But what is to take its place? We have had slim neo-Bach concertantes and chamber concertos in the percussive style; and now audiences and composers alike seem to be casting a backward glance at the late romantic concerto with the nostalgia of a 1952 housewife thumbing the pages of Mrs. Beeton. Those were the days! Take a two-ton Steinway grand, a mane of golden hair, an expanse of snowy shirt-front; furnish an imposing *alla marcia* and a languorous cantabile; thicken chromatically, and sprinkle with scales and arpeggios to taste. The last man to bring it all off in the good old style was Sir Arthur Bliss, in the Piano Concerto which he wrote for the New York World Fair of 1939. Of two more recent examples played in the Festival Hall last week, neither attempted anything quite so spectacular, each eschewed magniloquence, yet each was romantic in inspiration. One was by Howard Ferguson; the other by Alan Rawsthorne, his second; both had been commissioned for the Festival of Britain celebrations last year.

Howard Ferguson's Concerto (broadcast two days later) was performed, with the L.P.O. under Sir Adrian Boult, by Dame Myra Hess, who during the war made a great success with Ferguson's Piano Sonata. It is accompanied by strings only, and is in general a modest and well-behaved composition. The first movement struck me as almost too unambitious: its opening theme, over an ostinato pedal bass, is surely too trivial for so important a position. Much the best music comes in the second movement, a set of Brahmsian variations attractively inflected here and there with the intervals of Irish folksong, and laid out with an expert hand, especially in the A major variation against string tremolandos. There is a place in the world for music so easy on the ear and so elegantly written as this, though one cannot pretend that the Concerto is ever likely to figure in the international repertory.

On the other hand, Alan Rawsthorne's Second Concerto might well do this, provided it is approached for what it is and not in the expectation of something radically different. The fairly large orchestra, the difficulty of the solo part (so far the property of Clifford Curzon, who plays it brilliantly), and above all the fact that it is in four movements (like Brahms No. 2)—all this has created an impression that Rawsthorne was here aiming at a monumental effect. If we start with such a notion, we are almost certain to find the work disappointingly slight. Like most of Rawsthorne's music, the Concerto is predominantly calm, cool and collected. The piano writing, though thoroughly effective, is conventional "reduced" Rachmaninoff. The opening theme on the flute may seem at first too slender for its task; but it has a melancholy grace and fluency which are entirely characteristic of the composer, and it proves a fertile melodic germ. Rawsthorne's highly developed and very individual harmonic sense serves him well throughout this movement, for instance, in the passage leading back to the recapitulation, for which composers traditionally reserve their finest harmonic strokes.

In sum, this Allegro piacevole makes an endearing first movement, but an unusually gentle one, so that we cannot be surprised that the composer should have decided to insert what he modestly calls an "aggressive and noisy piece" (a Scherzo) before embarking on his slow movement. This Scherzo contains a variety of striking

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ideas, but it is hardly what the composer's phrase might lead one to expect. The violence often peters out, leaving behind it a slim texture not unlike that of the first movement. In fact, the Scherzo does not wholly remove the most serious objection to the work as a whole, which is its tendency to monotony of pace, texture and subject matter. Even the slow movement, mainly a meditation on a delicate chain of melodies on the woodwind, has a central six-eight Poco Allegro section which edges back towards a more airy and fanciful style. Not until we reach the Finale is the mood transformed—and then suddenly, violently and for good.

Concertos, sonatas and symphonies often fall down in their last movements, but Rawsthorne's Concerto deserves to clinch the success of the work. It is based on a tune which he has described as "of a very simple, almost music-hall nature": a catchy, alfresco, high-kicking tune which hesitates with charming gaucherie between duple and triple time, stages a comic F sharp major/G major tussle between soloist and orchestra, and gives rise to brilliant flights of keyboard virtuosity. The composer has related that this theme derives from a jesting phrase of his wife. When he confessed that he was stuck for a tune for his last movement, she sang back at him "He don't know *what* to do"—and thus provided a subject which has flowered into one of the most high-spirited finales of modern music. Not only Clifford Curzon, but Sir Malcolm Sargent and the L.S.O., plainly revelled in the zest and wit of this movement, and in the clear texture and decisive style of the whole work; fortunately, the concert performance was broadcast, and repeated in the studio on the following night. Fortunately, too, there is every opportunity of making its further acquaintance, since the music has been recorded by the same performers on a Decca LP (29s. 6d.) and published by the Oxford University Press in octavo full score (16s.). DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## TIMON

*Timon of Athens* is more of a rarity on the stage than its merits warrant, for it plays excellently. It is not broken-backed like *The Winter's Tale* nor inconsequently jumbled like *Cymbeline*. True, there are signs of hasty and unfinished work about it—the interesting figure of Alcibiades, for instance, is an enigmatic sketch. But even as it is, the development is plausible, and is carried right through logically and interestingly. Against it, I suppose, is the fact that it does almost nothing which isn't done better in *King Lear*. Plainly the two plays are products of the same mood and occasioned, we may suppose, by the same experience. But in *Lear* the rancour (whatever its cause) is transmuted into something which transcends itself; in *Timon* it remains raw and unredeemed. Partly this may be due, no doubt, to a lapse of time in which the poet was able to digest the experience and to forgive himself. But isn't it also partly a mechanical question? In the choice of fable, to use an old term, the poet served himself better with *Lear* than with *Timon*. Still the play is very well worth seeing in the current Old Vic presentation.

Mr. Guthrie's production is highly characteristic, both in its merits and its defects. It goes all out to make something of every scene and every character. It is highly inventive, packed with business designed to keep at bay any hint of tedium, and most of this is legitimately derived from the text itself. The outline is firmly drawn and the climaxes achieved. It moves fast, it is never dull, but it is sometimes irritating. Mr. Guthrie always takes great trouble to characterise the smaller roles, and his sense of the ridiculous is not always disciplined, while some of his pet inventions are becoming clichés. Every Guthrie production, for instance, has its male dowagers. Here, the ungrateful noblemen are cast for this role. Mr. John Phillips and Mr. David Waller carry out the intention admirably, titupping to and fro like the grander ladies at a County garden party. Then there is the Guthrie Gallery of Grotesques—the senators in this case, with their built-up faces and comic accents. But I wonder whether either of these groups contribute enough in moment-to-moment amusement to make up for a loss in effectiveness for the whole play. If Timon represents the Extreme, both in his generosity and then in his rejection of life, these people represent the norm, even if that norm is harshly judged. By parodying them Mr. Guthrie leaves nothing human in the play by which anything can be judged at all.

The part of Timon himself, especially in the second half, requires the brass notes of the old-fashioned actor. Mr. Wolfit would have been perfect casting. Mr. André Morell is not by natural endowment quite equal to the role, but he makes a fine attempt. The open-hearted Timon of the prosperous days comes easily to him, but he gets a great deal farther than we might have expected into the ravaged self-hater of the second half. With a more loudly vocal Timon, Apemantus could afford to be more wild than Mr. Leo McKern makes him here: but this limping cynic with his mirthless smile and munching of raw fruit is a good foil to Mr. Morell's protagonist. Lee Montague, Richard Pasco and John Abineri the servants, Peter Coke, the Alcibiades, John Blatchley, the poet, all contribute effectively. Miss Moisewitsch continues in her present mood of providing decor more serviceable than taking.

T. C. WORSLEY

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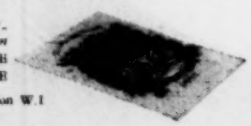

## THE MOVIES

**"Derby Day," at Warner's**
**"Brandy for the Parson," at the Empire**
**"Caroline Chérie," at the Cameo-Polytechnic**

FOR the film reviewer Derby Day was signalised by a film so entitled and a morning crowd outside Warner's. What were they all staring at? Were there stars about? It turned out to be a gaily enamelled coach, with some very fancy-dress race-going aboard, and the titles of the film lettered to catch the eye. While we—creatures of darkness—crept in to our habitual session, they trotted away, I suppose, to Epsom. Perhaps they came nearer to spotting a winner than we did.

Day dawns over the famous meeting place to the voice of the commentator. The all-nighters look for a cup of char; the swings and the bump 'em cars get ready; a trainer is up early, and on the roads the convergence has started. But very soon the bird's-eye view gives way to the binoculars of fiction. Who's this we see, a vision in fashionable white descending the stair? Miss Neagle, of course, since this is a Wilcox picture, and being Miss Neagle, she is a very Brave Lady. With a husband just dead, but a horse running, she's off to Epsom. Miss Googie Withers on the other hand, with an accent, in a semi-basement under the aegis of the Battersea Power Station, murders *her* husband before our eyes; or rather the accommodating lodger does it; and away by different routes they flee—to Epsom, where else? Mr. Michael Wilding as a famous cartoonist, but looking more appreciatively himself, calls a cab, driven by Mr. Gordon Harker: yes, there must surely be a fate in these things. And others—a pretty French lady's maid and a famous film-star (whom we may not recognise), are all for the same road, their "skeins of life destined to be laced together before the day's end into one motley mosaic of Derby Day."

Destiny is a soft script-writer. The lady's horse wins. How could it fail to? For if, like Bob Major (atrocious brute), it had come in fourth, the poor lady would have been condemned to deepest black for the rest of her life. The murderer gets caught and Miss Withers his winnings, Mr. Wilding sees romance opening before him, the little lady's maid has had the day of her life, and Mr. Harker goes home, muttering inaudibly and hoping no doubt for a better part next time. One motley mosaic; and I think I should have done better to wait for the evening's newsreel of the Derby itself.

By contrast an agreeable English comedy was slipped into the Empire programme last week, and by now I'm afraid may have slipped out again; *Brandy for the Parson*. Don't be put off by a beginning that is all scenery and nonchalance; the self-consciousness wears off, and a lazy adventure with a swing results. A young yachting couple get mixed up with a brandy-runner, boy scouts and customs men and a laundry van take a hand, and before long a caravanserai of diminutive circus ponies, preciously loaded, is taking the green road over the downs for London. The moral, if there be one, is that good liquor costs too much: one subject at least about which the Englishman is uninhibited. The director of this little piece, which so pleasantly takes the eye, is John Eldridge. More, I hope, will be heard of him and the others in John Grierson's Group 3.

*Caroline Chérie*, script by Anouilh, pursues the adventures of a sixteen-year-old daughter of the aristocracy in the Revolution. On her very birthday, when couples are dancing on the lawn and straying in the shrubbery, there's a rumble from far off: the Bastille falls. She marries, goes to Paris, hides, is arrested, buys her way out of prison, wanders in boy's clothes between the opposing armies in Brittany, and returns to her father's chateau with its childhood attic where her first lover recovers her. The famous events come to us freshly, not to say idiotically, through this girl's eyes, and we scent corruption, treachery, slaughter, with a memory for more recent history. Playfulness and adventure in the end get the upper hand, so much so that the last few moments make us wonder when the film's stock of seriousness gave out and whether we had missed earlier ironies. *Caroline Chérie*, at any rate, strikes its own careless way through a territory thick with sentiment, and discovers in Mlle Martine Carol an impudent charm.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

## AMERICAN TELEVISION NOTES—II

LAST month in my general description of American television, I stated that the Federal Communications Commission, the official body which controls American radio-television through the licences it issues to all the companies and other organisations which apply for allocations of broadcasting channels, had just declared itself ready to grant licences later this year for new TV stations. In order to prevent a traffic jam, the F.C.C. had imposed a "freeze" in 1948 on the issue of further licences for television stations after 108 had come into operation. Now that the freeze is officially declared off and the many competing interests which have been planning to apply for the channels have been given the green light, it will be fascinating to watch the developments that will take place in the next two or three years.

After some discussion and, I gather, some disagreement, the F.C.C. has decided for the period of a year only to keep open 242 channels out of the virtual 2,000 now available to the newcomers for any stations planning to use television for educational purposes.

This means that University centres, for example, can establish local TV stations, and so, of course, can any other organisations sufficiently public-spirited to face the formidable costs of requipment and maintenance overheads in a land where the tradition of broadcasting is almost wholly commercial. Since a TV station in effect costs about three times as much to maintain as a radio station, and ten times as much to establish, the future of educational work (in the broadest sense) in American TV is in the balance. I think it is true to say that American educational interests, which have in some cases considerable financial resources, are well aware of the challenge open to them, though the time margin of one year is a very narrow one. The recently established Ford Foundation, which has an enormous endowment for philanthropic uses, is deeply interested in the cultural possibilities of TV, and many experiments have already been made by certain of the American universities to test audience response.

But the fundamental problem for television everywhere is that of amortising production costs, and in America these at present fall fairly and squarely on the shoulders of the advertisers. In 1948 America spent nearly five thousand million dollars on advertising, and it has been estimated that to maintain 250 TV stations, will need an advertising investment of nearly two thousand million dollars. The fact that American television depends on the commercial sponsor could also mean that if a slump suddenly arrived a great part of the service to the public might stop overnight. For this reason, other methods of financing television programmes, either "live" or on film, have been put forward. One of these schemes is Phonevision, originated by a company which has its centre in Chicago, and which was given a temporary licence for three months by the F.C.C. in 1951.

Phonevision means, in effect, putting out a first-class feature film or some other high-level form of entertainment in the form of a blurred image which can be automatically clarified if the viewer rings up his telephone exchange and makes a request for the programme. He is then charged, perhaps, a dollar on his telephone account, and this sum is divided between the telephone company, the television station and the producer of the entertainment. Phonevision claims that a film producer could make money from the system to an extent comparable to what he gains now from release of his products to the cinemas.

It may well be that the B.B.C. will have to consider the possibilities of initiating a system similar to this when the problem of supplying alternative programmes has to be faced in Britain. The cost factor of high-level television entertainment is not met satisfactorily either by the present British system of charging a small all-inclusive annual licence fee or, in my view, by the American system of dependence on the whims of a commercial sponsor. Subscription television, which can run alongside other forms of programme, seems to me to offer a responsible solution to the problem of production costs as well as to place the choice of programme in the hands of television's real patron, the audience sitting at home.

ROGER MANVELL

## RADIO NOTES

W. R. RODGERS'S *J. M. Synge* was the latest and (I think) the best-designed in that striking gallery of Irish radio portraits, put together from the spoken, unscripted recollections of friends and contemporaries. No parts are taken by actors. The pensive connecting narrative links gossip, anecdote, criticism, a little malice, some comedy even; but look back at the whole and there is Synge, that "sober, melancholy man"; the man "of great silences and solitary distances"; difficult, frugal, reserved; the "hole in the conversation." "'Sometimes I thought there was nothing in him,' said a friend."

Mr. Rodgers's particular poetic imagination is responsible for this final effect. Would it work in the same way, I wonder, on a non-Irish character? How much of the quality of the portrait comes from the fact that author, subject, and all the contributors are Irish, and, so speak anyhow as if they had been invented by Synge? Of course, there is Richard Best at hand, a sort of verbal Irish Aubrey—a free-lance Boswell to the whole Dublin crowd—without whom a good deal of salt would be lost. But it is not only Mr. Best who, while dealing out oddities of information, must say the extraordinary thing in the extraordinary way. Programmes of a similar kind on the non-Irish (music hall stars and others) are generally pervaded by an uneasy sense of *de mortuis* . . . , leading not so much to solemnity as to sentiment. The Irish speaker does not let death modify his spiky recollections of his friends, and Mr. Rodgers, who believes in the creative powers of umbrage, wisely leaves in all the thorns.

*Death on the Roads*, R. D. Smith's production of a report on Road Accidents by Wynford Vaughan Thomas, was the first of six "prejudices" which Mr. Vaughan Thomas is to investigate on the radio; the subjects are promising. It was skilfully presented, with some useful material; for almost every kind of road user and road organisation gave evidence within the 45 minutes—as well as a Parliamentary Under-Secretary and a rather conventional Bishop; it was also a nice example of the work of two experts of opposing sorts: the peripatetic commentator and the studio features producer. Its weakness was an occupational fault, and very nearly a fatal one—an inability to come to any conclusion. A near-accident to a child (a "popular" beginning) starts Mr. Vaughan Thomas on his pursuit. Whose is the fault? What is to be done? In the interviews which form the quest, point after point is raised, except the one that, according to law, killing by car is somehow not regarded as killing. The principal witness, after all, is usually dead. Would Mr. Vaughan Thomas make such a point? Alas—the professional commentator's ingrained detachment would keep breaking through; sentiment took the place of what Mr. Rodgers would call "umbrage"; so that, though very well documented, the programme offered in the end not a bold personal statement, but the good-humoured negative close of the familiar radio debating piece.

We listen to Gordon Craig as we would to a performance; his talk on *Isadora Duncan* (an impression, chiefly, of the beauty of movement personified in the dancer) had, as we hoped, the Craig originality and distinction. Unlike most speakers, he is not conciliating to his audience, nor indifferent to it, nor afraid of it. He is well aware of its presence, and keeps it strictly in its place. "Remember this!" he interjects severely as he makes a point. And the audience, of course, remembers.

Three recent readings held my attention. One was by Paul Dehn in a Home Service programme of poetry. His easy, sympathetic, almost dry manner, without the lingering undertones that hold up so much spoken verse, was the nearest possible approach to the effect of the same poetry on the eye. The second, by Alan Wheatley, was of a bitter and clever short story on the Third (*The Glass Trumpet*), in which not a phrase or word was lost, though the eye might have passed them over. The brilliant third—but the placing is so subtle that you will very likely have missed it unless you are already listening nightly to these 40 minutes of Light Programme dance music just before 11.: Home Service listeners, switch over briskly a minute or two before the National Anthem, and you will hear Robert Eddison reading with sad and splendid elegance the sad and splendid prose of the latest Bedtime Book—*Zuleika Dobson*.

NAOMI LEWIS

### "Tip and Run," at the Arts, Cambridge

Objective, slickly produced, uproarious in places, witty throughout, this year's May Week revue is in the best Footlights tradition. Its firm refusal of nuance is the Cam's answer to the more elaborate,


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self-conscious humours of Isis. There is little local allusion—though the jolly wenching friar in the Chaucerian extravaganza has been "sent down from Selwyn"—and at least half the material is well up to current West End standards. The targets range from the Black Death ("Rain' stopped Plague scores in all counties"), to the precocious three-year-old ("I modelled Dior's diapers like a lamb!") whose name is already down for Girton. Even hackneyed themes like Mrs. Dale and the Deep South Streetcar take on new lights from such verve in the handling. Authors and cast riotously tear the pants off televised sports commentators, film psychologists and mushroom-pickers. Top score of the evening is a Witches' Scene from *Macbeth*, rendered operatically by Purcell, Coward and Wagner. The lyrics range from Calypso to a Breton idyll in the style of Charles Trenet and the show contains at least one comedian who, if he perseveres, may well achieve Kendall-Ritchard calibre. Whether as a dour caber-champion in a mothy sporran or as the smuggest of dance-band leaders, Kenneth Alexander is superb. Others outstanding in a clever cast include Peter Townsend, Michael Young, Ken Ferris and Peter Firth. Joan Jefferson Farjeon's set, based on an Ackermann print, makes an enchanted background to a brilliant and nostalgic finale. J. N. B. R.

### THIS TIME

This time the word is death,
not a cross, not a lily, but death.
This time we saw the eyes, the hands,
we knew their touch, their feel, their breath.
This time the word is death.
This time we march alone,
not with friends, not with brothers, but alone.
This time we heard a gun, a bomb,
we saw the blood, the soil, the stone.
This time we march alone.
This time they light the fire,
not a lamp, not a candle, but the fire.
This time it burns our lips, our nails,
we cling to rope, to rust, to wire.
This time, the word is death: they light the fire.

MARGARET CROSLAND

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# Correspondence

## A DEAL IN SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—Several efforts have been made in the past two months or so by elements in the United Party (and others on the Nationalist side, too) to arrive at a compromise or *modus vivendi* on the present constitutional crisis in South Africa, and many feelers for negotiations to this end have been put out. All are concerned with Dr. Colin Steyn, who recently appealed to Dr. Malan to consider the working out of a compromise.

Dr. Steyn and his followers in the United Party have never been happy with Mr. Strauss as leader of the United Party, and the Nationalists have lost no opportunity in trying to encourage a split in the United Party.

This is one factor in the attempts at a compromise to settle the present constitutional crisis. The second factor is to be found in the fact that overseas capital has become chary of investment in a South Africa where to-day there is much tea-table talk of the inevitability of civil war.

Nationalist big business has been as affected by political repercussions on trade as the big business which supports the United Party. It has consequently made a number of suggestions to the anti-Strauss and pro-Steyn section of the United Party for a rapprochement, involving, if necessary, a regrouping of parties in Parliament. Negotiations to this end had gone pretty far at the time that the Appeal Court delivered its judgment. These fell through, however, for two main reasons. First, the Torch Commando had aroused such indignation about the Nationalists that anyone considering compromise with them had to walk very warily indeed. Secondly, the "wild men" of the Nationalist Party, who had got wind of the talks, put pressure on Dr. Malan and Mr Havenga, and insisted on the policy now being pursued by the Government. As Dr. Malan is not able to resist men in his Cabinet like Messrs. Strydom and Louw, Dr. Dönges and Mr. Swart, Dr. Steyn found himself in the position either of having to join forces with the "wild men" or of backing out.

This ended Phase No. 1 of the rapprochement manœuvres. Phase No. 2 developed when world opinion reacted against Dr. Malan's flouting of the Appeal Court. This further reduced the flow of capital from abroad.

Nationalist big business then made fresh overtures to men whom they knew had the ear of Dr. Steyn, and whom they thought would also influence business men supporting the Opposition to go along with them in pressing Dr. Malan to work out a compromise which would improve economic conditions in South Africa. At the beginning of May, an approach by such business men was made to Dr. Malan. Mr. Louw meanwhile rejected an attempt by the Associated Chambers of Commerce to point out to him the economic folly of the Government's ways. Very shortly afterwards Dr. Steyn appealed in public to Dr. Malan to work out a compromise. Dr. Malan replied, again under pressure from the more extreme group in his party, that one could not compromise on the issue of the Cape coloured voters and the power of Parliament to change the law on this matter. He added, however, that there was no fundamental difference between the Right Wing of the United Party and the Nationalists on *Apartheid*. While rejecting Dr. Steyn's latest overtures, he none the less left the door open for those in the United Party who wish to come into the Nationalist parlour. The door is still open, and one may expect various attempts to go through it by the United Party Right Wing, or those in the U.P. who feel that it cannot win an election again.

"TRANSVAAL"

## YOUNG CONSERVATIVES

SIR,—I regret I cannot share Mr. Fienburgh's optimism concerning the "success" of the Young Conservative movement. It is certainly not a success from the point of view of the younger members of the Conservative party who are neatly sidetracked into a juvenile blind alley until the age of 30 or even later. By making sure that the "Young Conservatives" are a subordinate and harmless organisation the senior members of the party are able to prevent these younger members, who in a healthy party would be influencing its policy, from endangering the monopoly of power within the party held by the older and more reactionary members.

The plot has succeeded—the Young Conservatives while away the summer of their political life in organising fatuous social activities, they are not encouraged to think about political issues, and when they attain the age of 45 or 50 years their outlook is sufficiently staid and sterile to warrant their admission to the controlling monopoly.

Little real independence is allowed to Young Conservatives or their elected committees—the seniors claim and exercise the right to intervene in their internal affairs. The Y.C.s being generally financially insolvent, the lure of the senior organisation's money bags is generally enough to secure a servile attitude.

I have had personal experience of the impossible situation in which Y.C. officers are placed, and it amuses me to find Mr. Fienburgh asking the Labour party to copy our organisation—but then perhaps the Labour League of Youth are too rebellious at the moment?

PAUL PRINGLE,
*Chairman*
Malden Branch
Young Conservatives.

## STUDENTS IN THE COLD WAR

SIR,—Some considerable publicity has recently been given in some sections of the press to the National Union of Students, which is the representative organisation of over 100,000 students in 250 British colleges and universities.

For this reason it may be interesting to examine the peculiar problems attaching to this body which, though not a trade union, might be called a professional association. It will be recognised that the primary aim of such an association is to protect and further the welfare, status and interests of its members. In this field the N.U.S. is, by and large, fairly successful. It is remarkable, therefore, that when the N.U.S. does appear before the public eye it does so not as the result of some startling advance in, say, the level of students' grants, but on account of its international commitments.

To anyone not familiar with the situation it may well appear ludicrous that a relatively small organisation such as N.U.S. should be racked through and through by violent controversies concerning international relations. Yet this is what has been happening in the Union, which represents through its members the intellect, ability and products of our universities. Basically the conflict is the well-worn one of pro- and anti-Communism, but failure to resolve it is causing an extraordinary amount of time and money being wasted in a body which can ill-afford to sacrifice either.

Dating back to the post-war years when N.U.S. was Communist-controlled, the controversy is being kept alive—wittingly or unwittingly—by prominent students who were active in the expulsion of the Communist leadership. For them it is perhaps difficult to realise how uninteresting is their flogging of a dead horse to the rest of us. Yet, they have found a convenient case in the fraternal relations which N.U.S. maintains with the Cominform-led International Union of Students. As a result of their activities, N.U.S. finds itself to-day in a position which must be as unique as it is paradoxical.

A recent decision of N.U.S. to open relations with the Fascist Universities' Syndicate of Spain caused *Survey*, the journal of the Socialist Youth International (I.U.S.Y.) to comment that N.U.S., while a fraternal member of the Communist I.U.S., was already actively participating in the work of the Right-wing World Assembly of Youth. Will N.U.S. next open fraternal relations with the Peron or Malan regimes?

Thus confused appear N.U.S.'s international relations to Continental observers and, I venture to suggest, to all clear-thinking people in this country. It is indeed a far cry from the Union's declared aim of desiring friendship with all students of the world to having relations with organisations as unrepresentative as must be those of totalitarian or police states.

To extricate N.U.S. from its dilemma will be neither an easy nor a painless process. But it will

have to be done if the Union is to survive as a healthy organisation. British students who used to be an example to the world are now in danger of remaining permanently divided against themselves on international issues. Nothing could be less justifiable. The very *raison d'être* of a Union such as N.U.S. lies in the domestic field rather than the international. At home innumerable potential tasks remain to be carried out to improve the conditions and status of students. The government of the present shows no particular enthusiasm for higher education; the government of the future may not fully appreciate the contribution students can make—here are problems offering scope for really constructive thought and work on the part of N.U.S. The relegation of international affairs to a secondary position would enable N.U.S. to raise itself from the predicaments and paradoxes which afflict it to-day. With the possible exception of the extremists on both sides it would unify all students in their desire to create a really effective Union.

ERIC BOURNE,
*Chairman*
National Association of Labour Student Organisations.

## DATELINE MOSCOW

SIR,—The only relevant points arising from Mr. Johnstone's somewhat rambling letter are: (1) Did I know him reasonably well?; (2) Was my portrait of him substantially accurate?; (3) Did he in fact "disappear behind the Iron Curtain?"

(1) I met Archibald Johnstone in the summer of 1947 (within a few weeks of my arrival in Moscow we were on a day-long picnic party in company with several other members of the press department of the British Embassy). I knew him until April, 1949, when with no previous notice he walked out of the *British Ally* office in order to "fight for peace and democracy" the Soviet way. The last of many conversations I had with him occurred about a fortnight before this. He then told me he was looking forward to meeting my wife, who was due to arrive in Moscow shortly.

Johnstone and I were two of only five British journalists in Moscow in 1949; in the very closely-knit foreign colony, with its rounds of official and private parties, it was inevitable that we should see a fair amount of each other. I have at no time suggested that we were bosom friends, but Johnstone's reference to "a Mr. Dallas" is rather pathetic, and is patently designed to mislead your readers.

(2) The main documents in the case are on record in *Pravda* (Mr. Johnstone's letter to that paper and a full report of his press conference, at which he gave carefully prepared replies to a series of questions I had asked him by letter a few weeks earlier). In *Dateline Moscow*, I gave a full summary both of the letter and of his remarks at the press conference.

Where Johnstone and I obviously differ is in our estimation of his character and of the motives which prompted him to quit his post and break with the "aggressive Britain of Bevin." It was, and is, my contention that Johnstone was not able to see things clearly or analyse objectively his own motives. He basked in the role of a heroic "peace fighter" given him by the Soviet press. Evidently angry that I fail to find anything heroic in the conduct of a man who chooses to stay in Russia rather than return to his own country, he accuses me of making "more than 50 misstatements."

(3) Johnstone disappeared from the sight of the foreign colony in Moscow in May, 1949, immediately after his press conference. Following the publication of *Dateline Moscow*, he has recently turned up again, attending two functions at which foreign press correspondents were present. This was the first direct news of him received here for almost three years.

Now Johnstone, who is reported to be working for the Soviet authorities, is permitted to write to you in an effort to discredit the accuracy of my reporting and the value of my comment on his case. A close scrutiny of his letter to you will help readers to form their own opinion as to whether Mr. Johnstone is clear-minded and logical.

I repeat, poor old Archie.

DON DALLAS

24 Cranley Gardens, N.10.

## JESUITS IN JAPAN

SIR,—I am quite content that those who are sufficiently interested in the Jesuits in Japan should examine my article and Fr. Brodrick's commentary on it, and judge whether his statements are relevant or fairly represent the views I expressed. If they also examine Professor Boxer's work, I am confident that they will nowhere find that I have abbreviated my quotations to suit any "curiously illiberal purposes." Fr. Brodrick approaches nearest to a factual challenge on the three occasions when he suggests (1) that I supposed Aquaviva to have been General in 1571 (but the comment by him which I have quoted was written in course of further examination of the matter in 1583); (2) that I have misquoted Prof. Boxer's citation of Valignano's report concerning jurisdiction in Nagasaki (I have not—see Boxer, p. 102); and (3) that I am wrong in referring to the early Italianisation of the Jesuit Order, since Aquaviva (the Jesuit General 1581-1615) was not Italian but "Spanish by birth and upbringing." Now this, to say the least, is an ingenious way of dodging the plain fact that Aquaviva was an Italian born and bred in Naples; but even apart from him and his Italian successors, who were the great International Jesuits of the late 16th century? Possevino in Poland, Ricci and Ruggieri in China, Valignano in Japan, and—at the centre—Bellarmine: all Italians.

As for Fr. Brodrick's insinuations—he sneers at my ignorance for calling Nagasaki, in 1571, a "great harbour and fortress." Nagasaki, he says with contempt, had only 1,500 inhabitants. But does that alter the fact that it had a splendid harbour—the only harbour fit regularly to receive the Great Ship—and was described by Valignano in 1580 as "a natural stronghold which no Japanese lord could take by force"? He then accuses me of being, "to put it mildly, disingenuous" for saying that the Jesuits acted as bullion-brokers—not because they did not do so but because they only did it to meet their expenses. I explicitly said that they did it "to finance their activities." Who here is being disingenuous?

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Christ Church, Oxford.

## MR. GAITSKELL'S GROUP

SIR,—I protest against your Parliamentary Correspondent's writing on May 31: "Mr. Gaitskell's little group of lieutenants have totally failed to inspire or even hold the interest of most of their colleagues." This gives a totally false impression. I have never heard better sustained debating than that shown by Mr. Roy Jenkins, Mr. Tony Crosland, Mr. Douglas Houghton and Mr. Mitchison. They were masters of the subjects they dealt with, and eloquent and persuasive in exposition, and Mr. Crosland combined an agreeable wit with great command of facts and language. As one who listened to most of the debates I feel that they put up a very fine performance indeed and deserve the thanks of the party.

House of Commons. RALPH MORLEY

[Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: A number of Opposition back-benchers certainly made eloquent and expert contributions to the Committee stage of the Finance Bill, some of which have been noted in these columns. Moreover, as was pointed out last week, their tactics enjoyed notable success in terms of Government embarrassment. What they did not do, judging by the average attendance at the debate, was to hold the interest of their less expert colleagues. It is fair to add that the nature of this year's Finance Bill made that a difficult task.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## BOOKS FOR ISRAEL

SIR,—The greatest famine in Israel is not of food but of foreign books, and particularly of English books published in recent years. Owing to the new currency regulations and to the very difficult conditions of foreign exchange, it is not possible for booksellers in Israel or for private persons to buy books abroad. General literature, including Penguin and similar editions, as well as educational and *recent* technical works will be most welcome. So, too, will be modern French and Spanish books and medical, scientific or technical publications.

Small parcels of books, not exceeding 6lb in weight, can be sent direct by book-post to Israel at a cost of 5d per lb to depositories whose addresses can be obtained from the Technicon Society, 13 Mansfield Street, W.1. Larger parcels should be sent to the Society, where they will be sorted and despatched. Any contribution towards the cost of carriage will be gratefully received.

NORMAN BENTWICH SELKIN
ETHEL SOLOMON

## COLLABORATORS

SIR,—"Indeed if I wanted to be cruel to your correspondent I would propose that he examined the text and then told me which speeches had been written by me and which had been contributed by my distinguished collaborator."

EXTRACT from a letter complaining of the notice of *Dragon's Mouth*, signed J. B. Priestley in the *Manchester Guardian*, April 22.

"It is surprising that your critic was not able to distinguish Mr. Priestley's work from mine; most members of our audiences, we find, are particularly sensitive to the differences between them."

EXTRACT from a letter complaining of the notice of *Dragon's Mouth*, signed Jacquetta Hawkes in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, May 31.

T. C. WORSLEY

## RACHMANINOFF

SIR,—"It is some consolation," says Mr. Sackville West, in reviewing Victor Seroy's *Rachmaninoff*, "to know that the rulers of Russia have at last had the grace to approve the performance of Rachmaninoff's music in his own country."

This legend of the banning of Rachmaninoff's music in Russia dies hard. I recall writing to *The Gramophone* about 1934-5 citing broadcasts of his music on Moscow radio at that time, and at the present time there is a real spate of it.

It seems to be one of those fables manufactured by non-Communists who try to imagine what they would ban if they were Communists: nice, comforting things like Santa Claus and fairy tales for children. But, of course, they actually perform *The Tsar's Bride* in the Soviet Union, not *The Commissar's Girl-Friend!*

ERIC EDNEY

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# Books in General

"No life suffers more than Coleridge's does," says Miss Raine in the present selection* from his large number of letters, "from any attempt to reduce it to the personal level." She has picked out a number of letters which comment on his mental experiences rather than the events of his life, and these letters do give a good outline of his Proteian and comprehensive genius. Yet, since letter-writing is the most personal of occupations, Coleridge's letters put his work in an essentially personal light and our impression of him is enhanced, not reduced, by that. The great poet, the greatest of our critics—certainly our greatest Shakespearean critic—the metaphysician, theologian, psychologist and political journalist whose ideas appeared, as he said, unacknowledged in the writings of others in his own time, and which reappear at intervals throughout the 19th century, is incomplete unless we can also catch the voice of the harassed young author and husband, the passionate father and friend, the remorseful addict, and the noble Sage soliloquising in Highgate like a saint among his calamities. Even Carlyle, the jealous detractor, who made so much of the "useless genius", the flabby figure, the watery mouth, the snuffling nose and the confusing forest of conversation, was half an involuntary Coleridgean. And if there is irony in the words: "a sublime man; who, alone in these dark days had saved his crown of spiritual manhood", the irony is merely the dramatic, self-preserving irony which old Teufelsdröck was never able to resist. He had gone, and knew he had gone, to the very sources that had fed Coleridge. The fact is that Coleridge's mind is inseparable from his personal impression. His private catastrophes are on the large scale of his intellectual achievement and, as the letters show, he was as curious of himself, as he was of new knowledge, memory, dreams, the unconscious, offered a new universe. In the kind of portraiture which Carlyle, Lamb or Hazlitt did of him, he could easily equal them and indeed reduce them to mere competitors:

> As to me, my face, unless when animated by immediate eloquence, expresses great sloth and, great, indeed idiotic good nature. 'Tis a mere carcase of a face; fat, flabby and expressive chiefly of inexpression . . . the gait of the whole man indicates indolence capable of energies . . . I cannot breathe through my nose, so my mouth, with sensual thick lips, is almost always open. In conversation . . . I am so swallowed up in the *thing* that I perfectly forget my opponent.

It is he who has grown with time where work-proud Carlyle has diminished—though we must grant that Carlyle was a far more diverting letter writer—and this growth of his is not due to the recognition of the greatness of his intellect alone. We recognise also the austere and composed quality of a spirit which has passed through a personal hell, as Miss Raine says, and has been shaped and hardened by the flame.

What kind of mind would we deduce from the letters alone? This volume opens with the wonderful autobiographical letters written to Thomas Poole and which are included in the supplement to the *Biographia Literaria*. They are the work of a young man of twenty-five and, even where we allow for the solemn, full-blown manner of the time, we must be struck by the maturity of Coleridge's mind. Take a rather trivial instance. His father had burned the boy's copy of the Arabian Nights when he saw the effect the tales had upon his nervous sensibility, but Coleridge writes with quiet self-possession:

> From my early reading of fairy tales and genii, etc., etc., my mind had been habituated to the *Vast*, and I never regarded my *senses* in any way as the criteria of my belief. I regulated all my creeds by my conceptions, not by my *sight*, even at that age. Should children be permitted to read romances, and relations of giants, magicians and genii? I know all that has been said against it; but I have fanned my faith in the affirmative. I know no other way of giving the mind a love of the Great and the Whole. Those who have been led to the same truth, step by step, through the constant testimony of the senses, seem to me to want a sense which I possess. They contemplate nothing but parts, and all parts are necessarily little. . . . I have some who have been *rationally educated* . . . they . . . called the want of imagination judgment. . . .

A dangerous, myth-seeking kind of mind, for it attained a large part of its maturity by an aware and willing surrender to the imagination. Here, indeed, is "the relaxed will," the prolonged sun bathe in the unconscious. But his passivity is worked upon by a deliberate intellectual energy and curiosity. The letters provide many an aphorism around this theme. Of the poet Bowles he writes, for example, that "he has no native passion because he is not a thinker and has probably weakened his intellect by the haunting fear of becoming extravagant"; or again, Coleridge rejects a hymn "he poured forth", in the manner of the Psalms on the top of Scafell because "afterwards I thought the ideas, etc., disproportionate to our humble mountains". The indolent and voluble Coleridge who had read only what pleased him—and that was everything—is not a victim, but is depositing one by one the tablets of the whole Law, and never idles among less than the fundamental issue. We have no impression from the letters of a merely discursive mind, but of one centred in a dense faith.

Sloth, amiability, procrastination, the vices of the dreamer who fears pain and lives in the nirvana of the opium addict and the mystic—these are the enemies of Coleridge's genius, as he frequently said himself and taught his critics to say. He was a self-exposing man, candid, ingenuous and vulnerable. He inherited these traits from the father he compared to Parson Adams and he handed them on to his son "poor Hartley." (In fact Coleridge worked much harder than is thought. His political journalism, now neglected, had European influence.) We ought to look to the positive obverse of his weakness. In nothing is he so exposed as in his capacity for love. It is not a generalised affectability, nor even a soft unworldliness of sympathy. It is not a complacency felt towards his kind by a parlous egoist. Love, he writes to his wife in his "sublime" manner when he was in Göttingen, was "the vital air" of his genius. "I languished after home for hours together in vacancy, my feelings wholly unqualified by thoughts." There was an "extinction of light in the mind." And "I have not seen one human being in Germany whom I can conceive it possible for me to love, no, not *one*." Love he wrote to Poole is not what the Wordsworths have: "a compound of Lust with Esteem and Friendship, confined to one object first by accidents of association, and, permanently, by the force of Habit and a Sense of Duty." That is practical; but it is not Love, which is "an abrupt creation." Again to Poole he wrote that "all truth is a species of revelation." Wordsworth, Poole, the Gillmans were revelations to him. His powerful feeling for his children is a daily tearing out of the heart; it is caused by sudden, impassioning sights: the way a child runs and talks or hides its face in its pinafore. If we allow for the sight of the heart being worn outside as it is in the Romantic manner, if we note that the word "revelation" is a doctrinal word of the movement, it is still true that strong and spontaneous feeling, without affectation or naivety, is dominant in Coleridge. He collapsed physically when his wife screamed at him like a shrew. He remained responsible to his family when he left her and spoke out honestly without hypocrisy or rancour. He had the capacity for remorse and he expected it in others. He was committed to life by feeling and that is, of course, the essence of his doctrine in art, religion, philosophy or his remarkable psychological speculation. What was intolerable was Newton's conception of the Mind as a "passive—and lazy Looker-On in an external world." And when he wrote this to Poole, it was characteristic of him to add, "I need not observe, my dear friend, how unutterably silly and contemptible these feelings would be if written to any but another self."

This disordered and fabulous Coleridge of the many memoirs which have made him one of the solid, perambulatory spirits of English literature, a figure as familiar to us in his way as Johnson was in his, has a place in Miss Raine's selection, but not the chief place. There is not a great deal of portraiture or gossip, but the liveliness lies in the range of mood and intellect. There is grief for others—for Lamb and Wordsworth in affliction—there is panic before Cottle the publisher, there are dignified quarrels, there are family tenderness, poetic elation, the zest for argument, the fragment of travel, there are forgiveness and remorse, elation and despair. What satire there is, is at his own expense. One has the impression of a good-natured man, and there are glints of the comic writer, sitting beside the omnivorous scholar and the philosopher armed to the teeth. The movement of Scott's *Lady of the Lake* is "between a sleeping canter and a market woman's trot." The toothache has its full dress drama:

> On Friday it only *niggled*, as if the chief had departed from a conquered place, and merely left a garrison behind, or as if he had evacuated the Corsica, and a few straggling pains only remained. But *this morning* he returned in full force and his name is Legion. Giant-fiend of a hundred hands, with a shower of arrowy death-pangs, he transpierced me, and then he became a wolf, and lay a-gnawing at my bones! . . . My right cheek has certainly been placed with admirable exactness under the focus of some invisible burning glass which concentrates all the rays of a Tartarean sun.

We pass from "the dyspathy" of Mrs. Colet-

* *The Letters of S. T. Coleridge.* Edited and introduced by KATHLEEN RAINE. *Grey Walls Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

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idge, to a protest against the desire for uniformity in poetry; from advice to "poor Hartley" to arguments for the superiority of the Jewish myth, to diagnoses of the constitutive and regulative philosophies. By the end we have a far more effective outline of Coleridge than we had had before or at any rate, a more feeling portrait, at once nobler and more abased. For the reader's comfort, rather more editorial comment might have been given, for Coleridge is not a diverting letter-writer for the lazy reader; these *Letters* give the matter of a life; what our eyes wander away for, is the plot, but of that—with some force—Miss Raine thinks we have had quite enough in the past.

V. S. PRITCHETT

## NURSERY WORDS

Dark Creator, weep to see
Man passionate and solitary,
Friendless in the universe,
Haunted, woebegone, and fierce.
When the wolf-wind howls, behold
A shuddering and homesick child.
When the sun, that lordly lion,
Paces wide dominion,
Man blackens, droops, dries,
Bows in the yellow sand and dies.

Now the moon, that queenly ship,
Sails an ocean deep:
Your passenger, my Ship, my Queen,
Booked his passage in a dream,
And in that dream was done to death
Lest his waking-breath
Betray once-loved confederate,
Right-hand left-hand intimate.—
Did murdered, or murderer, board the ship,
So innocent of eye, trembling of lip?

An innocent child with bloodstained hands
Travelling in search of friends
Is man's history.—Near this ship
A star swims deep,
Never knowing, never caring,
Who goes seafaring.
Watch the Holy One swim
Deep as the dreamer's dream,
Not trying to distinguish, nor to sever,
Whom none has joined together:
Murdered, murderer; seeker, lost;
Dreamer, dream; living, ghost.

Wolf, lion, ship, star:
Nursery words, to remember.
Creator of the Soul's vast sea,
Share the child's complexity!

FRANCES BELLERBY

## CORINTH

Here below the fevered sun that grinds
Like a millstone on the dry brain
The crag of Acrocorinth hangs
Toothed with the ruins of the Frankish fort.
Only a few pariah dogs
Scamper among the columns,
The fallen capitals and the Roman shops,
Sharing Peirene with the droning bees.
Swifts hurtle from the upper air
And a sudden shadow falls
As if great Pegasus again leapt forth,
Hoof striking spark and spring together
From the dry rock, for a moment
Wings blackening the sun. Or perhaps we hear
The gasp that rose from the blockading Frank
When the Mace-bearer of later days,
Enacting that fable once again,
Proudly spurred his steed to the charge
And wingless soared from the battlements
To fall where now the grapes lie spread
In rows, upon the hillside in the heat.

KENNETH A. WOOD

## THE POET AS COLLECTOR

**Wrack at Tidesend.** By OSBERT SITWELL. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**The Sailing Race and Other Poems.** By PATRIC DICKINSON. *Chatto & Windus.* 6*s.*

**The Carved Stone.** By G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**Personal Poems.** By WILLIAM BUCHAN. *Duckworth.* 5*s.*

**New Poems, 1952:** A P.E.N. Anthology. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sir Osbert Sitwell's new book of verse portraits does not fit neatly into any traditional category. The total effect of the book is an oddly paradoxical one, of elegiac satire, comic pathos, and realistic pastoral; and the mood in which these sketches from a north-eastern seaside town in the Edwardian decade are written—one of wry homesickness—is paradoxical, too. Perhaps the nearest analogy to Sir Osbert's general approach is to be found in the work of Mr. John Betjeman, who, coming to the garden suburbs to sneer, remained to sigh. But Sir Osbert's vision is much more destructively penetrating, and yet his relish for the superficially uninviting scenes and characters he describes is much more unaffected.

His approach is, however, partly a collector's. He is determined to have at least one good specimen of each Edwardian balnearic type—from the peerage to the corporation lavatory attendants, from stuffy civic dignitaries to social outcasts, and even, a sinisterly memorable sketch, to an unconvicted murderer. What he is homesick for is, perhaps, his own childhood. His characters are certainly seen with a child's mercilessly accurate eye, the eye that does not rub away individual edges into a grey, vaguely apprehended "social background"; and also with a child's way of giving perfectly ordinary personages a legendary, larger-than-life quality. The portraits seem at once more hollow and more significant than their originals can have been. They are full of an energy oddly limited in scope; a crowd of bustling background characters, from a spacious Victorian novel, waiting for a "main action" that is not going to begin. Their pathos lies partly in having no story, and the "main action," from 1914 onwards, was going to be the progressive destruction of their whole setting. They did not foresee this, though Sir Osbert is always aware of it. That awareness gives his book its deeper bite. This was peace, which we long so much for, and this is what people made of it.

Sir Osbert's verse, like his prose, has an accumulative richness, making its points with a lingering amplitude rather than by sudden concentration. Taken individually, some of his portraits might seem almost aggressively trivial, but as a set they impress. The scene is shot with gleams of cold light, the sea glitters in the background. One closes the book with a sense of pity for these secure, petty, self-assertive lives, but also with a longing for the brilliant childhood place, familiar and remote as an old snapshot, to which one can no longer return.

Mr. Patric Dickinson is certainly not of Sir Osbert's school, if Sir Osbert can be thought of as having one, but he resembles him in his talent for extracting pathos from a prediluvian atmosphere (in this case that of a childhood preceding the most recent war), and in a passion for exact, improbable detail. The collector's instinct in Mr. Dickinson comes out in such lines as these, about a small boy fishing with a jam jar:

> . . . the pools are there, full
> Of blennies under the stones, of gobies openly darting,
> Of prawns that go off like guns with puffs of sand . . .

Mr. Dickinson has also a masculine gift of projecting himself into physical activity. When he writes about yachts he is in fancy aboard, not gawping ignorantly from the land:

> . . . and *Britannia*
> Ebony-black and bronze as she heels hard
> When the old King takes the wheel and brings her up
> Another two points to the wind and the sea hisses
> And her lee goes flowing under.

These poems, however, are wholes. The vivid details about blennies and gobies are turned, by the unifying "curtain-lines"—

> See, see these memories flipping from rock to weed!
> She taught me how to catch them, and she would know
> Why I let them go—

into an organic part of an elegy for the mother who used to take the small boy to the seaside. The struggling yachts are very real, but they are not merely a hobby, they are an excellent symbol for the difficult, dangerous and exciting thing a poet is trying to do, be, or perceive. This short volume is an honest and solid one, free from abstractions and poses, firm in its grip on things, and I hope it will be read.

A poet who specialises in epigram must be content, like even the greatest masters in this kind, with a high proportion of misses to hits. His form, at least, should always be impeccable. I am not sure that Sir George Rostrevor Hamilton's form always is. In the line

> So fresh, poor Chloe, so sparkling, is most rare,

I find I have to call the lady "Chlo." In an epigram on Dr. Leavis I have to make "transitory" rhyme with "glory," and in the line

> Humble? Not so, but deeply ashamed,

an iambic tetrameter ends in an anapaest. There are, indeed, some admirable hits:

> His Lordship dines with him, I've heard Jock boast.
> It proves a parasite may be a host.

Yet, polished as most of these trifles are, it does seem to me that here and there the file has still something to do. Mr. William Buchan's book is one of unaffected and unambitious occasional poems, about exotic wartime landscapes and homely family reunions. The family poems obviously convey more to the inner circle than they can to the outsider, and there is more than a touch, here and there in the book, of the trite and the sentimental; but there is a pleasant sincerity, too, and one is glad to see poetry being used as a bond rather than as a badge of isolation. The P.E.N. anthology, edited by Clifford Dyment, Roy Fuller and Montagu Slater enables one to keep abreast with known names and also to spot new talent. I hope it will prove a regular institution. Among names quite new to me, I was particularly struck by the single poem contributed by Mr. George Lamming, a young West Indian. About swans, it has a noble and confident poise:

> By no other name are these
> The imperturbable birds more beautiful,
> No likelier image for the summer's curl
> Of white light caught from the sea's
> Arterial cells. . . .

I hope we shall see more of his work.

G. S. FRASER

## THE ELECTORAL ILLUSION

**The British Party System:** A Symposium. Edited by SYDNEY D. BAILEY. *Hansard Society.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It may be the virtue of political democracy that it enables the electors to play some part in the process of government; but it is one of the functions of the machinery of political democracy to ensure that that part is a limited one. This is just common sense. Thirty-five million electors attending to their daily business in Bootle or Bermondsey may be able to decide on great issues—if the issues are sufficiently simplified and dramatised—but they have neither the knowledge nor the experience to make it desirable that they should have any very great say in the choice and formulation of policy. The organisation of political parties in Britain recognises this, for though one reason for their existence, as Sir Ernest Barker says in this symposium, is to provide a channel by which ideas can flow from the electors to the policy-makers, the channel is blocked so effectively that the influence of the rank-and-file on policy is never considerable.

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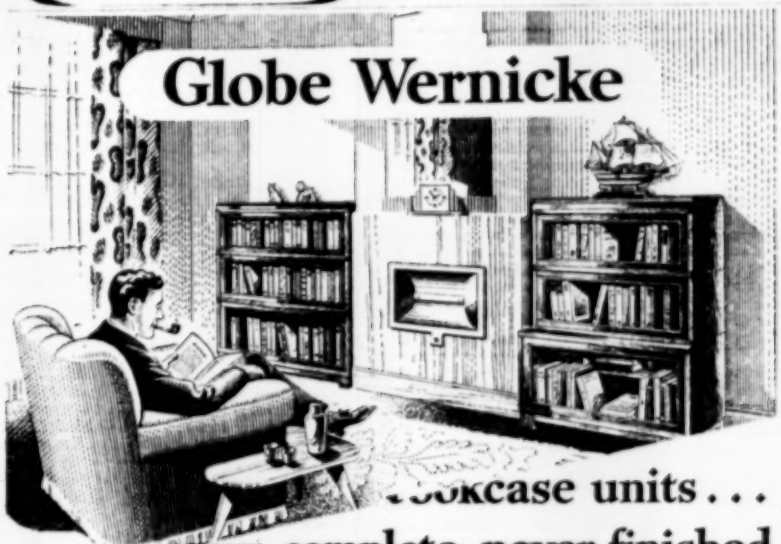

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and on "The Formulation of Party Policy" by Mr. H. G. Nicholas are important because they reveal how small the difference between the structures of the two main parties really is. It is common knowledge, for example, that under the constitution of the Conservative Party a pre-eminent role is assigned to its Leader as "the main fountain and interpreter of policy"; the decisions of the party conference and of the various organs of the party are "conveyed" to him so that he may be constantly aware of the mood and opinions of his followers. It all sounds very undemocratic and there cannot be a Labour candidate who has not made sport of it on a platform. But Mr. McKenzie has a surprise. He brings to light a recent publication of the Labour Party, which, after explaining the provision for liaison between the National Executive and the Labour Government (the Labour Party was then in office) adds: "In this way, at least, Parliament and Government are not unaware of the decisions and deliberations of the Party's governing body." So, we have the Leader of the Conservative Party *aware of*, and the leaders of the Labour Party *not unaware of*, the decisions of their supporters outside Parliament. There is a ring of oligarchy about both statements.

Of course, the relations between the Labour Party and its leaders when the party is in office are unavoidably less close than when the party is in opposition. But this does not really touch the point. There is nothing in the constitution of the Labour Party (as there is nothing in the constitution of the Conservative Party) to bind a Labour Government (or a Conservative Government) to any decision taken by a party conference or a party committee. As Mr. McKenzie says, once a group of Labour M.P.s has been elected to Parliament, they cease, ultimately, to be servants of the Party organisation outside. This autonomy of the Parliamentary Labour Party (as of any Parliamentary Party) has been so clearly established during the past six years that the question will be asked whether the annual Conference of a great party performs any function at all. The Labour Party Conference has the power to decide from time to time that specific proposals should be included in the party's programme, but, as Mr. Nicholas hastens to point out, this is only the long-term programme, the declaration of pious (or impious) aspirations.

The responsibility for deciding "which items from the party programme shall be included" in the election manifesto rests with the National Executive Committee and the Executive Committee of the Parliamentary Labour Party. It is not very difficult to guess which voices will carry most weight in such a meeting. Three years running (1947-48-49) the Labour Party Conference passed resolutions calling for the abolition of the tied cottage. Three years running the Executive opposed the resolution, Mr. Bevan warning the Conference that,

> while it is the task of the Conference to decide policy, it is the onerous task of the Government and the Parliamentary Party to decide how and when to implement it. For the Conference to decide the Parliamentary time-table would be impossible.

In effect, what Mr. Bevan was saying was that the Conference, though it might say what it would like to see done, could not decide what should be done. How wise this principle is has no doubt been "conveyed" to Mr. Churchill since the Conservative annual conference (with Lord Woolton's blessing) wrote the figure of 300,000 houses into the party's election programme!

Neither the facts which Mr. McKenzie and Mr. Nicholas present nor the observations they provoke, are new. Ostrogorski, fifty years ago, discerned the oligarchic tendencies of parties in democratic countries. They may make both parties and democracies look silly. But they do so only if one expects more from a political democracy than a political democracy claims to provide. It is impossible to give mass electorates (or their delegates at party conferences) effective control over policy: all that a constitution can ensure is that the part which the electors play is significant and at times (as in 1945) decisive. Parties crystallise the issues so that the electors can, at a general election, make a decisive choice, but it is equally part of their function to erect a barrier between the electors and those who have the responsibility for action. As Mr. Nicholas says, "the role of policy in party life partakes simultaneously of the real and the sham" and party conferences give colour to the illusion. It is tolerable only because, in spite of the sham which conceals the oligarchy in a modern democracy, the role of the [illegible] times be decisive.

H. J. FAIRLIE

**ONEIROMA[illegible]**

**The Forgotten Language.** By ERICH [illegible]. *Gollancz.* 16s.

The interpretation of dreams may be undertaken at many levels. Housemaids and their sixpenny dream-books still linger on, like the Stone Age, in the modern world; but since Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* began to work its revolution, any number of methods of dream-interpretation have been put forward. Not all the contemporary alternatives are mentioned by Dr. Fromm, who leaves out of account the question of pre-cognition (popularised by Dunne's widely read *Experiment with Time*, but now a subject for respectable scientific research) and the possibly allied question of telepathy, about which Freud himself had an open mind. Dr. Fromm's new book makes a case for the interpretation of dreams, not only by qualified experts (or those whose professional status is assumed to make them such) but by each man for himself. By considering our own dreams—and since we ourselves invent the dreams we may be presumed to be better qualified than anyone else to interpret them—we can know from day to day how we are getting on, or discover what we really think (as distinct from what we think we think) about people and situations.

No one can doubt the great scientific importance and human usefulness of the findings of Freud, Jung and others. Yet on one reader, Dr. Fromm's book has an effect different from that consciously intended by the author: it makes apparent the double danger with which the new popularity of the science (or superstition) of dream interpretation exposes us. In New York, I was told that three persons in ten are undergoing, or have undergone, some form of analysis. A traffic carried on upon such a scale cannot in the nature of things ensure that more than a small proportion of the analysts are intellectually and morally of the first order. Some may be quacks, but more must be merely fallible human beings into whose hands other fallible human beings entrust their lives, as they once did to Holy Church, investing the analyst with that mirage of infallibility that human weakness perpetually creates out of that motive that Dr. Fromm himself has called "the fear of freedom." "Tell me what I ought to do" is the old human cry; and the advice of any analyst can only be in accordance with his particular conception of what is the good and the true and the beautiful (for, unhappily, the arts too are invoked in Greenwich Village therapy). Many analysts regard "normal" sexual adjustment as man's chief end, others (more dangerous still) social adaptation to the group average. One may witness the tragi-comedy of people paying experts large sums to remove from themselves or their children those exceptional qualities that mark them out from the average, of a society busily weeding out its potential leaders and teachers. The analyst's couch is the newest design of the Procrustean bed, and the patient himself actually pays to have his limbs and head lopped off in conformity with a stock pattern of humanity based very often on nothing better than a faith in the average. Should a medical degree alone be regarded as sufficient qualification for such great moral ascendancy over the minds of men?

Against this danger, Dr. Fromm's suggestion that each of us should learn the language of his own dreams might seem a sufficient protection; but is this alternative any better? If Freud is right, half the purpose of any dream is to conceal its true content from the dreamer. Who are more likely to misinterpret our dreams than we ourselves? Dr. Fromm gives some amusing cases from Freud, Jung, and others, of blind-spots. Freud, interpreting a dream of his own, misses, according to Dr. Fromm's gloss of the text, a whole range of symbols that relate to the dreamer's ambition. Jung, on the other hand, claps his telescope to his blind eye when sexuality and religion come into too close proximity. (Dr. Fromm himself, as a good American, has a strong matriarchal bent, if any reader should wish to look for the author's own particular bias.) If the [illegible] are blind to their own shortcomings, are [illegible] wiser, where our own motives are unbiased about [illegible] quack is at least more

Who, then, shall judge [illegible] ourselves. authoritarianism of a growing [illegible], the new sional analysts, and the dangers of self-decep[illegible] I see no possibility of dream-interpretation made easy. Profound understanding, whether of mathematics, music, religion, dreams, or anything else, cannot be had without natural gifts, and a great deal of study. Each will interpret his own dreams or those of others in terms of his own view of life: dream interpretation is no substitute for a scale of values by which to interpret the dreams. In primitive societies (the Old Testament is full of examples) it was well known that not all sooth-


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MINISTRY OF EDUCATION AND CITY AND GUILDS OF LONDON INSTITUTE'S EXAMINATIONS

*Further particulars from the Principal* (571)

sayers were good soothsayers—on the contrary, men of Joseph's gifts were very rare, and oracles needed the same careful watching as any other department of public life: they were never considered foolproof until now.

The chapter of this book that should be read with most attention is the historical chapter, on the history of dream-interpretation from antiquity to Goethe, Nietzsche and Bergson: I wish only that this chapter had been a great deal longer and fuller. Dr. Fromm mentions, but does not discuss sufficiently, the question of the different orders of dreams, recognised in both Hebrew and classical antiquity, as well as in the Christian middle ages. Jung certainly recognises that not all dreams come from the same source. There are deeper and shallower regions of the psyche, and who is to say that sleepers may not, as Heraclitus says, "light up from the dead," or from heavens and hells, angels and demons, that lie outside what is generally supposed to be the limit of a human individuality? Really we are very ignorant about such matters, and extremely brash and over-confident in our whole approach to the subject. Dr. Fromm's book contains much that is of interest, but it strikes me as altogether too democratic. Wisdom-for-all is the slogan of our time, but the wise have always known that "narrow is the path and strait is the gate, and few there be that find it."

KATHLEEN RAINE

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**Harpoon at a Venture.** By GAVIN MAXWELL. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*

Urban man with his nostalgia for open spaces must often feel an envy of the people who work in them. Hence the guilt feelings of the tourist who knows he is in but not *of* the landscape; hence also the compensatory mystique of the sportsman who at least can do things *with* the landscape by hunting or shooting or fishing in it or even by knocking divots out of it. It is the more second-hand, the envious, pleasure of the spectator of sports that is felt by the reader of such books as *Harpoon at a Venture*—a pleasure which is part aesthetic, part animal and part gambler's. Mr. Maxwell provides this tripartite pleasure most amply, because of the nature of his quarry and the setting in which he hunted it, because of the dangers and physical sensations of the hunt, and because for him this sport was also a business project and he was playing to win. His book is a detailed factual record of something pregnant with symbols and, unlike many other pioneers, he is deeply aware of the symbolism. But he is never woozy, being protected against the D. H. Lawrence virus by his professionalism as a shark-fisher, by some five years of injections of cold fact, by the only too persistent memories of only too prosaic problems.

It is the dry enumeration of these problems which, as with *Robinson Crusoe*, makes half the charm of this book. Mr. Maxwell's adventure began during the London Blitz "in a spirit of nursery makebelieve" when he drew a ring on a map round a small and to him unknown Hebridean island; while still in the Army, he had bought that island, Soay; once out of the Army, he had to decide what to do with it. By elimination—and illuminating accident—he made it a base for hunting the basking shark, the second largest fish in the world, but a monster of which neither he nor anyone else, it seems, knew much beyond garbled hearsay. The problems began at once. He had to buy the right kind of boat—and bought the wrong kind—and devise the right kind of harpoon—and for long was frustrated by a Birmingham manufacturer. And the sharks, of course, were nearly lost in floods of red tape; "every day was a losing struggle with paper and time." He built a factory on his island—an initial mistake, he concedes—which was promptly hit by a cyclone. And he built his slipway too short. But for all that the harpoons began to stick, calling forth his henchman's war-cry, "He feels it! He feels it!" But after they had stuck, another grave mistake was made; Mr. Maxwell, in spite of lack of equipment, employees, funds and experience, attempted from the start to make use of all the parts of the shark instead of confining his attention to its liver; too late he recognized, and by then could not convince the co-directors of his company, "that the liver was the elephant's ivory and that we should concentrate upon this alone." The irony of the story is that when by bitter trial and error he had solved most of his problems he had to give up and his pioneering was wasted.

Primarily, therefore, this book is the memorable record of a business, although of a romantic, unusual and courageous one. But Mr. Maxwell in passing gives the tang and colour of his context. We meet members of his crew such as Tex, the ex-rum-runner, who, after being nearly drowned in the wildest of wild seas, commented: "It wasn't frightening, and I could hear and see, only I was seeing big trees and hearing music and bells, bells for evermore." We see the strange port of Mallaig—"new and growing, but its newness and growth seem not of this century"—and the varied landscapes of the islands——North Uist, Canna, Barra, Scalpay or Rhum where "the cliffs are white with bird guano and partly veiled by myriads of kittiwakes, endlessly wheeling, drifting and turning, like a snow scene in a glass paper-weight." And we meet a host of sea creatures, from the killer whale to the fulmar petrel, all most precisely described. But, above all, we meet that "creature from a prehistoric world," longer than a London bus, with his head weighing a ton, the basking shark himself, the first sight of whom had given Mr. Maxwell "a moment for which I had been unconsciously waiting for a long time." We see him, after being harpooned, diving vertically with his tail "like a gigantic punkah swinging rhythmically to and fro" and we smell (or I doubt if we can!) the sixteen tons of shark flesh rotten in the pickle-tank and crawling with "a million million grubs." And we see the "tremendous and terrible sight" of the carcases drawn up on the beach, crimsoning the sea for hundreds of yards. And having seen (or smelt) all this we shall probably read the book again.

LOUIS MACNEICE

## NEW NOVELS

**A Time to Kill.** By GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

**Two Shadows Pass.** By CLIFFORD KING. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

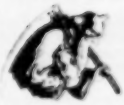
**Dark Atlantis.** By DAVID CRAIGIE. *Heinemann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

**Freshman's Folly.** By DACRE BALSDON. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Publishers considerately refrained from loosing any masterpieces on reviewers over Whitsun. It was deck-chair reading all the way, though in the hands of such seasoned artists as Mr. Household, Mr. King and Mr. Craigie, there was little temptation to let one's mind stray to the fauna. Wasps fell in the jam, mosquitoes skimmed over the sherry glasses, a caterpillar crawled laboriously over Mr. King's blurb ("The book is unexpectedly moving and the plot unfurls with tragic inevitability"). One read on and on, in the vice-like grip of three accomplished veterans.

As always, Mr. Household gets off to a rousing start, and maintains his pace throughout. Direct comparisons between writers are generally unhappy but in this case the author of *A Time to Kill* brackets as neatly with John Buchan as a Plutarch parallel. The same thrill of the chase, the same obstacle-race dexterity, the same crisp English. (How well they both write!—and how much we wish that Mr. Household hadn't, like Buchan, apparently decided to write *beneath* his powers: here he compares badly with Mr. Ambler.) The same code, modified slightly for the Welfare State, but not, I think, the same *prestige*. The Great Adventure has been scaled

A. A. MILNE



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down. The schlosses and Cotswold manors, the international conspiracies, the brisk chats with the P.M., the lollops over Highland stalking country —all this has gone; instead, we have a grim tussle with foreign agents in Bournemouth villadom and a Red plot to plague England with cattle-ticks. Once again, Roger Taine is operating on the bar-sinister side of the Foreign Office. No Daimlers are sent for him, no funds are at his disposal. His only assistant is the Fascist ex-Naval officer, Pink. Pink is a splendid bit of characterisation, which the author lets slip through his fingers after the first fifty pages; long before the end of the book he has become just another Jolly Good Oppo', like the rest of us.

Mr. Household has Buchan's trick of making you see the most common objects startlingly and as if for the first time, by suddenly placing them in the context of suspense:

> The dark block swallowed Pink and slept on, presenting to me walls of absolute, blank negation. Never have I had so disturbing an impression of the European house. From the moment that the builder has hung the front door and put in the black glass of windows, no one can know—I mean know, not imagine—what goes on within. A house is impenetrable as a man, and its eyelessness more uncanny.

Considering the pleasure he gives us in our deck chairs, it seems churlish to complain of Mr. Household. Yet it must be repeated that he could, if he wished, become a considerable novelist and that, as yet, he has refused to take the plunge.

The opposite applies to Mr. King, who has all the equipment of a born thriller-writer, if he would only stick to writing thrillers. *Two Shadows Pass* has all the elements of a first-class "gripper," and it fails only because its author wants to have his cake and eat it; he is trying to write on two levels at once. The thing can, of course, be done, and there are precedents—Mr. Graham Greene's "entertainments," and Mr. Ambler's books—to hand. Mr. King has not yet found the recipe through his tough and sentimental old crook and his sassy young artist are a good variation on the Vautrin theme. *Two Shadows Pass* remains a well-written, fast-moving and intelligent novel. As yet, however, Mr. King's potentialities are more interesting than his achievements.

Though *Dark Atlantis* is what used to be described as "a boy's book," it can be safely placed in the hands of any adult. The theme is the submarine kingdom of Atlantis; the peg, a young stowaway's adventures in an oceansphere off the coast of West Africa. Mr. Craigie is surely closer in spirit to Jules Verne than any writer of this century. He has Verne's imagination and a great deal of his style; above all, he has Verne's *panache*. His Professor Frapillion is in the sublime Phineas Fogg tradition. Above surface, Mr. Craigie is an admirable writer; he can convey the grey sooty bustle of the London docks or the sticky, scent-laden atmosphere of Dakar, with economy. Three miles under the sea, he writes like an angel (see the description of coral forests, giant clams and worms "with tufted tails" on page 76).

A book that deserves a public of all ages.

*Freshman's Folly* falls neatly into the smallest and liveliest of sub-departmental slots, the Oxford Novel. An old-fashioned stayer, its essence is a good hero. The Duke of Dorset, Gaveston ffoulis, Christian de Clavering, Sebastian—it is a tough list of competitors. Mr. Balsdon's hero, though plain George Brown, is the Greatest Stroke of His Day, though his unstable temperament lands him in numerous difficulties. This is all very much Austerity Oxford, 1952; "the sound of the English county families baying for broken glass" has turned into the heartiest of Bump suppers. Mr. Balsdon has his own felicities. His Senior Fellow, Mr. Trogmeyer, is a joy; I liked, too, the rubicond Mme Débonnaire whose cheeks were "the colour of a nice undercut painted by Chardin." If this novel had style as well as wit, it would be a mirror triumph.

JOHN RAYMOND

## THE PERSONALIST FRINGE

**The Beginning and the End.** By NICOLAS BERDYAEV. *Bles.* 25*s.*

**Images of Good and Evil.** By MARTIN BUBER. *Routledge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

**Personalism.** By EMMANUEL MOUNIER. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

**Six Existentialist Thinkers.** By H. J. BLACKHAM. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

There are now almost twenty books of Berdyaev's in English translation. One more is announced. We have had the autobiography. One remembers in the early Thirties the volumes in glazed black, with modernist lettering, published by Sheed and Ward. *The End of Our Time* offered us a Christian-tragical view of history, faintly counteracting the siren voices on the Left. We heard of the Man-God, Antichrist, Sophia, the Russian soul and *apocatastasis* or the restitution of all things. We discovered that not all exiled Russians were ballet dancers, Grand Dukes or political desperadoes, and we may have read Soloviev. Then the publisher had changed, and we became aware of a philosopher handling conventional themes, perhaps a little unschematically but recognisably. The emphasis lay on freedom. The word "existential" may first have reached us in *Solitude and Society*. This and the books which followed varied a good deal in quality. *Solitude and Society* and *Slavery and Freedom* were, I would say, by far the most satisfactory. In their own ways, they were very good books indeed.

The vatic role was never quite abandoned. Like the prophet in *Le Diable et le Bon Dieu*, he would come on just when the philosopher was giving us a nice analysis of the nature of time or the psychologist showing us one of the mechanisms by which we enslave ourselves and bore us by crying:

*Le monde est foutu! foutu!*
*Battons nos charognes.*
*Battez, battez, battez: Dieu est là.*

Not that one at all disputes this, but it is a conclusion one prefers to nurse or ignore at the convenience of one's own comings and goings.

For two-thirds of the way, *The Beginning and the End* is middling-bad Berdyaev. For one thing, it is too summary. For another, there are too many false starts—at any rate, too many starts. Berdyaev is concerned with his own *thought*. He wants to let us know just where he stands with regard to Plato, Kant, the later German idealists and others. Berdyaev wrote this book near Paris in 1941. His judgments are the result of a lifetime's study, but I doubt whether the youngest, least pot-bound and most lately refreshed of philosophy dons would feel prepared to give and withhold his assent to the whole series at the drop of a hat, while to the untrained reader they are likely to remain largely unintelligible.

The air brightens on page 154.

> There is no eternal and unchangeable "natural" order side by side with which the theologians recognise a "supernatural" order as a supplement to the "natural." The "natural" order to which only a relative and temporary stability belongs is simply a concatenation of phenomena which are open to scientific explanation. It is always an empirical, not a metaphysical order. Spirit can upset and change the "natural" order.

I do not know whether this is true or not. It is too much the kind of thing one would like to be true, one's intermittent prayer:

> Only to feel this crystalline universe crack
> And what is death there die and the ghost stand forth.

Certainly, poets, artists, and sometimes politicians, are well advised to behave as if it were true. And certainly the pages in which he now elaborates the view that "creative activity" may really be creative are the best in Berdyaev's book. The laborious critical history of thought is finished. From this point, Berdyaev writes not about other people's worlds but about his own. Towards the end, different mists close in. It is only Christian eschatology, after all. There is to be a Second Coming. *Dieu est là.*

If Berdyaev's book is too long, Buber's is too short. Jungian archetypes, racial memories and

all such modernistic mumbo-jumbo apart, there is some interest in contrasting Jewish and Iranian mythical accounts of the origin of evil, but in his preface Buber had assured us that, as a result of studying this contrast, he had now solved the problem of evil. This may be the case, but he does not give us the answer in *Images of Good and Evil*. Buber, too, has now taken to characterising his own *thought* (the equivalent, one supposes, of a novelist's "work," a poet's "verse" or a dancer's "art"). It is a common infirmity of influential thinkers, but it makes this little book not only Buber's least impressive but also his least attractive work to date.

After reading Mounier's last work, I remain unconvinced that personalists are saying anything at all, unless it is how much nicer it would be if people were more considerate to each other. The odd thing is to erect a platform on this foundation. The idea of respect for persons as a movement is central to Mounier's book. He considers the philosophers of the past and evaluates them according to the degree in which they appear to have been on his side. Berdyaev and Buber are, of course, very much on his side. "Personalist" is one of the adjectives Berdyaev applies to his philosophy. He also calls it "existential." Mounier and he both deny existentiality to Sartre and Heidegger, who, with Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Jaspers and Marcel, are Mr. Blackham's subjects.

Mr. Blackham's book is neither distinguished nor lively, but it is sensible, worthy and honest. I can think of a large number of people who might and probably will do worse than read it. Of the small amount of serious attention given to Mr. Blackham's subject in this country, most has had a Christian bias. This results in over-estimation of Marcel and Jaspers at the expense of Sartre and Heidegger. Mr. Blackham is a new kind of old-fashioned agnostic. I like the independent trend of his preoccupations.

But for the title of Mr. Blackham's book, the word "existential" should have been kept out of this review. It is best not used. It has been too heavily compromised by public gullibility and the bad faith of critics and of philosophers advocating other wares. All philosophers (and indeed all persons whatsoever) think existentially when they are not clowning, day-dreaming, out of their depth or up to no good. We shall go on needing the negative form "inexistential" for those types of critical, speculative and hortatory thought which leave existence out or put something else in its place, for which, and in which terms, they were long ago dismissed by William Blake.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

## NARCISSUS

**Count D'Orsay: the Dandy of Dandies.** By WILLARD CONNELY. *Cassell*. 25*s*.

Count D'Orsay was the last in the royal line of dandies, those arbiters of male fashion who imposed their edicts as relentlessly on the men of their time, as the man-milliners do on the women of today. Since his death, a hundred years ago, the throne has lain vacant. But we still unwittingly pay homage to D'Orsay. The sober black and white costume which he adopted to suit his own increasing corpulence in middle age has remained for a century the obligatory evening dress for a gentleman. Mr. Connely, however, is not concerned with the change in men's fashions between 1820 and 1850, the period of D'Orsay's reign, interesting though that might be: his book for all its title, is a solid biography of the man, leaving out the dress-designer.

Whatever view one comes to take of his character, there can be no question that the Count was a remarkable man. Six foot three in height and perfectly proportioned, he had a face that fairly dazzled the beholder: the large wide-set hazel eyes, the auburn hair and chiselled features invariably suggested comparison with some pagan deity, Apollo, Adonis or Jove himself. (Byron described his appearance as that of "*Cupidon déchaîné*.") All authorities agree that he was one of the handsomest men ever seen. On top of his looks, he was intelligent, high-spirited, elegant, sophisticated and charming, a consummate horseman and a dead shot. With all these advantages this paragon was assured of success in English society from the moment he arrived in London at the age of twenty for George IV's coronation until he was obliged hurriedly to leave the country of his adoption 28 years later, early one Sunday morning, to escape from his creditors. Throughout the intervening period he was continually associated with Lady Blessington, an Irish lady of tarnished reputation; and for many years the two of them entertained together in magnificent style at Gore House in Kensington. But the exact nature of this peculiar relationship, although it aroused curious speculations in fashionable circles, was never disclosed.

Mr. Connely has taken the greatest pains to collect details of the D'Orsay-Blessington *ménage* from the vast store of published correspondence and memoirs available, and has thereby been able to compile an almost day-by-day record of their social activities. In addition, he has unearthed many unpublished manuscripts, among which are some D'Orsay letters which expose the remarkable complacency and self-assurance of the Count. The result is an enormous book, packed with well-arranged factual information, but marred by many of those trite comments and arch asides which few modern biographers seem able to forgo. In this particular case the reader is faced by such a long trudge through the delectable early nineteenth-century jungle that he deserves a free passage without being continually nudged in the ribs.

By Mr. Connely's diligence and scholarship the dubious features of D'Orsay's private life that so puzzled his contemporaries have been elucidated. That Lady Blessington was never his mistress, as was popularly supposed, can now be accepted as certain: instead she was a mother-substitute. The discovery is not entirely new, since on his death-bed the Count told a friend "She was to me a mother! a dear, dear mother! a true loving mother to me!" But a note by Edward Bulwer found among the D'Orsay papers brings confirmation: Lady Blessington "was confessedly of a very cold temperament" and the affection between her and the Count "was that of a mother for a spoiled son." Why then, if she had *no* sexual claim herself, did she stipulate that D'Orsay, when he married her step-daughter at the age of 15, should not consummate the union for a period of four years; and why was she so angry when he broke the bargain at the end of three? Such old-fashioned questions fall flat under the impact of modern psychology: mothers, we have learned to know, are naturally far more jealous than mistresses.

A more subtle question is why did D'Orsay, who only married his child-wife for her money, choose thus to anticipate his claim on her virginity to the annoyance of his adopted mother? Mr. Connely has had to use infra-red rays on a letter at Nottingham University to uncover suppressed passages bearing on the question, yet for once he does not give the reader a helpful nudge—perhaps out of reluctance to expose the full measure of his hero's calculated villainy. D'Orsay did not intend to lose the money for which he had married the girl. She had been flirting with a young peer; and if she had run off with him or someone else while still a virgin the marriage could have been annulled and D'Orsay would have lost her fortune. As it was, when she did leave him soon after, she could only get a legal separation; and D'Orsay compounded for £55,000 plus £3,000 a year for life. Apart from this profitable occasion D'Orsay is not known to have had sexual relations with either man or woman during the rest of his life. He was a pure Narcissus (as Jane Carlyle very shrewdly observed almost as soon as she set eyes on him), basking in self-satisfaction, and for all his charm and geniality without an atom of love for any other human being.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

**Chamber Music, Piano and Organ.** BEETHOVEN: String Quartets, Op. 59, Nos. 1 and 2 (*CLP 1205 and 1206), Op. 130, B flat major (*CLP 1210), Op. 131, C sharp minor (*CLP 1211). These discs, the first to reach me of a series, all recorded by the Pascal Quartet, represent a praiseworthy attempt to fill some bad gaps in the available repertory of Beethoven's middle and late quartets. Praiseworthy, because the Pascal Quartet is evidently a musicianly body of players who have taken a great deal of trouble to master the difficult style of these works, and because the recordings are on the whole agreeable and well balanced. Nevertheless, I am afraid the results must be described as inadequate to the depth and power of the music. The authority of the first violin appears to rest on shaky foundations and in the first movement of Op. 59, No. 2, for instance, he rushes the other players. The phrasing is in general rather inelegant, and emphasis does duty for strength. The intonation, at the opening of the fugue in Op. 131, is very poor. And so on. Yet there are single movements in these quartets which are well executed, and as interim versions *CLP 1205 and 1210 will serve. BEETHOVEN: Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3, D major (Arrau. LX 1540-2). An extraordinarily resolute performance, with which I can find no important fault at all. In fact, the mantle of Schnabel seems to have fallen round Claudio Arrau, as far as the interpretation of Beethoven is concerned—with this difference, that the Chilean pianist is considerably the more accomplished technician. The sheer depth of tone he achieves in this wonderful set—especially in the Largo—is most impressive, and the composer's markings are scrupulously followed. The recording is extremely faithful. BEETHOVEN: 32 Variations, C minor (Schnabel. DB 20163-4). Another near-perfect example of Beethoven playing. Victor Schnabel is always a reliable, but sometimes (e.g., in Chopin) a ponderous pianist. In this classical set of variations he is in his element. Possessors of the excellent set by Denis Matthews need not feel obliged to exchange it, though the recorded tone of the new one is sensibly better. CHOPIN: 24 Preludes, Op. 28 (Rubinstein. DB 9529-32). My hopes of this long-awaited set have been dashed almost to smithereens. Some of the middle numbers (especially 6 and 7, 9 and 10) are acceptably played, and the recording of these, though light on bass, is not too bad. Elsewhere Rubinstein executes the tiny masterpieces with an unlovely competence that gives no hint of a sense


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of poetry; and the subtle rhythmic flexibility that used to distinguish his playing of Chopin seems to have hardened into a systematic mannerism. The recording varies from unthinkably bad (sides 1 and 8) to fair, and the surfaces, always rather heavy, at times produce a sound like roller skates on concrete. CHOPIN: *Andante spianato and Polonaise*, Op. 22 (Siki. PW 8004-5). This admirably recorded set will interest amateurs of the piano. Bela Siki is a twenty-nine-year-old pupil of Lipatti and his playing, though as yet immature, has most attractive qualities. His touch is very sensitive, he eschews virtuosity for its own sake, and his decorations are exquisitely fine-spun. His faults, as I see them, are a tendency to heavy pedalling and a nervous attitude to rhythm, dictated perhaps by a desire to make melodic points. The fill-up, the Nocturne in B Major, Op. 32, No. 1, is beautifully played. LISZT: *Etude de concert* No. 3, D flat major; *La Campanella* (Horsley. C 4169). An excellent coupling. Kentner's performance of the D flat Etude (Col.) is rather more confidently played and hardly less well recorded; but Colin Horsley gives a graceful and tonally beautiful rendering. His *La Campanella* is far the best available: so accurate, so delicate and unemphatic, that one is almost persuaded to like the beastly piece. RAVEL: *Ondine* (Scherzer. R 3516). It is pleasant to be able to welcome this record almost unreservedly, for, since the deletion of the wonderful Gieseking disc, there has been no acceptable version of the piece. Accomplished though she is, Grete Scherzer does not succeed in giving as complete an impression of ease as did Gieseking; but her performance is precise and beautifully mellifluous, and she never loses sight of the melody. The recording is very good indeed. BACH: Toccata and Fugue, D minor ("Dorian") (Germani. C 7818-9). A majestic, superbly controlled performance, as good as any that Germani has given us. There is a slight drop in pitch at the opening of side 2, otherwise this is the best recording of heavy organ registration I have yet heard.

**Symphonies and Concertos.** HAYDN: Symphonies No. 39, G minor (Vienna Sym. Orch./Sternberg. SW 8145-6); Nos. 49, F minor and 73, D major (Haydn Orch./Newstone. *NLP 902). None of these is, I think, among the best of Haydn's middle period symphonies, though No. 49 ("La Passione") has a grave personality of its own. Any pleasure we might have got from the music and from the neat performances is seriously impeded by consistently poor recording. The Nixa LP has a screaming treble, while the Parlophone recording is dry and fizzy, with a jangling harpsichord continuo. ROMAN: Sinfonia No. 16, D major (Danish State Radio Orch./Wöldike. DX 1828). An agreeable and succinct work by an eminent Danish composer of the high baroque period. The little movements are extremely well played, and the recording is nicely balanced. BACH: Concerto, C major, for three harpsichords and strings; VIVALDI-BACH: Concerto, A minor, for four harpsichords and strings (Vienna Ensemble/Heiller. *HLP 1024). These concertos are fun to play, but can be listened to attentively only if the ear is able clearly to disentangle the counterpoint. The Fischer set of the C major Concerto (HMV) employs three pianos and succeeds much better than the new LP, in which, though the recording is pleasant in tone, the effect is too often like that of a box of seeds being shaken. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

*(To be concluded)*

## Week-end Competitions

### No. 1,163

**Set by Thomas Tusher**

For the first time for many years, the All-England cricket team is to be captained by a professional. The usual prizes are offered for a 150-word extract from a social comment by Shaw, Arnold, Carlyle, Chesterton, G. M. Trevelyan, Geoffrey Gorer or Margaret Mead. Entries by June 17th.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,160

**Set by Naomi Lewis**

The usual prizes are offered for a *human* story, told by a ghost. Limit 150 words.

**Report by Naomi Lewis**

The tiresome thing was that so many entries would keep fading away about cockcrow; and I am not at all sure that the others were genuine. Still, among those which lasted until what a competitor (Jean Stubbs) called the *dead of day* were some promising posthumous openings: "I died soon after I was christened, so I have little actual human experience . . ." (R. S. Jaffray); "Tania, of course, saw through me from the first." (Frank Dunnill); or Philip Took's

> "'Was that a psychic bid, partner?'
>
> But Chief Laughing-Cloud-on-the-Mountain was vanishing fast, was only a puff of mist hardly larger than his hand, which he had placed face downwards on the table the moment he had felt the summons. The players settled down to await his return from the Willesden *séance*."

J. H. Davey provided a circumstantial *dénouement*: "I got Sir John away through a gable, but he nearly lost his head. Luckily his ear caught in his belt . . ." and Haig Norman a fearfully uneerie setting in his tale about ritual cricket in a vicarage garden. Nancy Gunter's "short" was a classic variant:

> "'I don't believe in humans!' I said to the silent Shape opposite me as our assembly obediently dissolved at cockcrow. 'I do!' he said—and FAILED TO VANISH."

But though one spectre (via H. Lomax) did consult "a newly-murdered psychiatrist," it was curious to see how limited was the range of persons in the ghost class. Mortality among the non-leisured of any sort, one would take, from these tales, to be negligible. Prizes go equally to the five printed; specially commended for entries almost as ghastly are P. M., Cwmtydu, J. H. Davey, Jean Stubbs, Robert Waterhouse, J. R. Sisson, Guy Innes, O. Radford, Elaine Morgan, Kildare, R. E. Dobbs.

Mr. Bracegirdle, a human, said "Many people are scared to death of ghosts, but personally *I* don't believe in them." So I sidled up and appeared at Mr. Bracegirdle's elbow—And now is there anyone in particular whom *you* would like to scare to death, Brother Bracegirdle? RICHARD POMFRET

"My aunt had a nasty experience the other night," said Sir Hubert, settling his head more comfortably under his arm. We drew nearer the friendly darkness round the cheerfully empty grate. Julia laid a hand on my arm, I felt the thrilling touch of her shroud. "She had been haunting rather hard lately," continued Sir Hubert, "and had decided to rest at a cottage lent her by a suicide at Sidmouth. On arrival she was nervous at finding a light in the hall, and to her sudden horror she heard footsteps—solid footsteps. Her manacles had become a living weight, she could not move. A figure which my Aunt swears she could not see through, mounted the stairs. He saw my aunt but did not run. He advanced and said: "Good evening. I am from the Society for Psychical Research." There was a rattle of bones. Julia had fainted. DAVID WALLER

My friend Badgery (said the ghost) is a placid soul, regular in his habits and not given to giddy imaginings. His haunt was the barn of the *Woolpack*, near Clapperbridge, and having been set off, as the saying goes, by smugglers while reading a good book there, he continued to read as he walked and seldom noticed what went on about him.

Recently the barn was transformed into a kind of theatre, with a silvery sheet hanging at one end.

Badgery observed nothing strange until one night he happened to drop his book. He stooped, then looked upward. There on the sheet, staring hard at him with devilish black-rimmed eyes, was a female head—without any body—so luminous, so huge, so horrifying that he lost both volume and consciousness. How he extricated himself he does not know, but he declares that nothing will ever induce him to set foot on earth again. J. M. F.

We three had met again in our usual haunt ; Grey, the Physical Research Inspectre, Ghoulwhistle, who hitherto has only accepted the psychical, and myself.

"An apparition asked me the way to Oldtye Church yesterday," said Ghoulwhistle, "it was past dawn and getting late—nearly midday—but I escorted him there on my way. "Here we are," I said. "Where's the door ?" he asked. "Round on the north side—not worth going to see—I prefer this south wall," I said, going through as I spoke. Suddenly my companion vanished. I went on through the north wall and there he was, still outside, *turning the door-handle*. As I emerged, he gave me a look I shall never forget, and then fled. I picked up something he dropped in his haste. You might like to see it, Grey," he said, handing him a triangular object.

I looked. *It was a ham sandwich.* JOYCE JOHNSON

It was in my favourite haunt, Major Pukka's library, that I had the fright of my death.

I always found Major Pukka's voice a delightful soporific, but apparently Colonel Chukka, his present companion, did not share my predilection, for I was horrified to hear him mutter to himself, "This old buffer will soon bore me to death."

At these terrible words, my heart, if I had had a heart, would have jumped out of my mouth, if I had had a mouth. Colonel Chukka in the flesh was alarming enough, but Colonel Chukka in the spirit !

I watched him closely. Yes, his silver cord, with the miserably shrivelled appendage of a soul, was fast slipping away from his body. Then came a sharp report. The silver cord slipped back like a retreating snake. I quivered with relief. Colonel Chukka had shot the Major in the nick of time.

G. J. BLUNDELL

## CHESS : Colour Bar

### No. 140

However objectionable most of us consider the colour bar where human beings are concerned, we cannot but accept it on the chessboard where our Bishops, so mighty in other ways, are barred from any square of a colour other than that on which they were born. The consequence is that Bishops of opposite colours cannot hurt one another in endgames which are often drawn in spite of a pawn majority on either side. Yet, here is a middle-game—Benkö-Honfi, Budapest 1950—where Benkö showed fine positional judgment in provoking "different" bishops and refusing a draw three moves later.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| (18) B x Kt | Q x B | (25) R-B3 | Q-R3 |
| (19) 0-0 | 0-0 | (26) R-Q7 | B-B3 |
| (20) B-K4 | R-B2 | (27) R-Q6 | Q-B8 ch |
| (21) QR-Q1 | B-B1 | (28) K-Kt2 | B-K2 |
| (22) Q-B4 | K-R1 | (29) R-Q7 | Q-R6 |
| (23) R-Q3 | R-Kt2 | (30) R-KB7 ; | resigns |
| (24) KR-Q1 | B-K2 | | |

In the left-hand position won by Szabo in 1951, the different colour of his B does not save White either, though he need not have hamstrung that fleet-footed chessman quite as badly ; he should have played B-B8 rather than

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| (1) R-B8 | R x R | (5) K-Q3 | K-K3 |
| (2) B x R | K-B2 | (6) K-B3 | P-R4 |
| (3) B-R3 | B-Kt6 | (7) K x B | P-KKt4 |
| (4) P-B4 | P-B4 | (8) resigns | |

Next there is some most instructive proof by Euwe (White) that Bishops of different colour do not necessarily produce a draw. It happened in a simultaneous performance in 1949.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| (1) P-Kt4 | RP x P | (5) K-Q5 | R-KKt8 |
| (2) P x P | R-QR2 | (6) R-R3 | R-QR8 |
| (3) P-Kt5 | P x P | (7) R-R6 | resigns |
| (4) P x P | R-R8 | | |

It must have been tantalising for Black to be deprived of his wishdream R-KKt6 and to have to send the R back post-haste, so as to stop the White R from mating via QR7 at KB7.

For this week's competition we are all indebted to that eminent expert Dr. Gyorgy Páros of Budapest who was kind enough to send me two of the most delightful studies I have ever seen. If I am to rate

**A** : Simkhovich 1940 **B** : Korolkov 1936

**A**—White to draw—a mere 7 points I had better add the useful little hint that a certain echo-dual would seem to be obvious enough, but it is brilliantly refuted. As for **B**—White to win—this should be fully worth 8 points. Usual prizes. Entries by June 16.

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

### Set May 17

A : (1) P-B5, P-Kt4 ch ? (2) K-B5, K-Kt2, (3) Kt-Kt5' Kt-Kt1, (4) Kt-B7, K-R2, (5) Kt-K8, Kt-R3, (6) Kt x P ch, etc. If (4) . . . K-B1, (5) K-Kt6 wins the Kt (ditto if (5) . . . K-R1).

B : (1) R-R2, K-Kt8, (2) QR-Kt2 ch, K-B8, (3) R-QB2, K-Kt8, (4) KR-K2, K-B8, (5) KR-Q2, K-Kt8, (6) R-Kt2, K-B8, (7) QR-B2 ch, K-K8, (8) R-QKt2, K-B8, (9) KR-Q2, K-K8, (10) KR-QB2, K-Q8, (11) K-Kt1 and mates next move.

(5) R-QKt2 would be thwarted by Q-Kt2, nor must White play (4) KR-Q2 or (9) KR-QB2 (countered by P-B6 and Q-R4 respectively).

In spite of the intricacies of **B** there were nearly a score of correct solutions, as well as others who got near enough to drop merely a point or two. Prizes shared by J. C. Cock, N. H. Finburg, L. J. Jackson, W. Stead, F. K. Taylor. ASSIAC


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COLONIAL Medical Officer's wife, expecting baby July, desperately needs flat or. London. Husband abroad until Xmas. Maximum rent 4gns. p.w. Can anyone help? Box No. 597, c/o Dawsons, 129 Cannon St., E.C.4, or Tel. MAN. 4841.

UNIVERSITY Couple, staff stud., sk. cheap London accom., Aug. 1952-June 1953. Prefer unfurn. and Hampstead area. Box 1516.

HARVARD teacher sks. small furn. flat for year, beginning Sept. Will consider exch. Central Area, N. or N.W. pref. Write : H. Eckstein, 18 Shaler Lane, Cambridge 38, Mass.

YOUNG couple (baby Aug.) urg. req. unf. accom., Ldn., escape in-laws & 5 dogs. Reasonable rent please. Box 1375.

WANTED by young man, small s/c single furn. flat London. BAL/OMER. W.C.1.

TWO undergrads req. furn. flat or rooms London area from October next. No petty restrictions, please. Box 1449.

COUPLE expecting child in December urgently require furnished accommodation, North-East London area. Box 1452.

BACHELOR reqs. furn. or unfurn. room(s), Cent. London preferred. Box 1485.

AMERICAN Professor, visiting England academic year 1952-53, wishes rent furnished flat or house; preferably London, Cambridge or Oxford. Write details to Cyril Bibby, 14 The Avenue, Barnet, Herts.

### MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short term membership : 1 mth., 10s.; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Open 6 days a week, including weekends. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 31 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (HOL. 5088).

BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also wood furs got by torture ; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major C. Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd., London, S.W.10. Funds needed.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

A DISPLAY of Metal, Wood and Cane Garden Furniture can be seen at Heal & Son. Please write for new Garden Furniture Catalogue. 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

YOUR new suit as only 10s. 6d. per week, in beautiful shades of worsted suitings. Ladies' costumes also on the same terms. West End cut. Hand-finished and two fittings £17 10s. 'Phone or write for appointment Grosvenors Tailors (Dept. N.S.), 87 Brewer St., London, W.1. Gerrard 4273.

THE London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Parties. MUS. 8923.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the Applicant is a man aged* 18-64 *inclusive or a woman aged* 18-59 *inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order*, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a probationary Assistant Lectureship in Education. Salary £450, rising to £500 per annum after one year. Applicants should be able to undertake lectures in methods of teaching at least one—preferably two—of the following subjects: Chemistry, Geography, Social Studies. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be received by Monday, June 16, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for two Posts in the Department of Economics and Social Science: (a) Assistant Lecturer in Statistics. Commencing salary £450. (b) Research Assistant in Economics, at a salary of £450 per annum, for one year, with the possibility of renewal for a further one or two years. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, to whom six copies of application, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent not later than Wednesday, June 18, 1952. —E. R. Evans, Registrar.

ADULT Education. Panels are being prepared of men and women qualified to teach social science subjects in classes or by short courses of informal lectures to Co-operative guilds. Further information may be obtained from G. S. Durham, Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

NATIONAL Library of Scotland. The Trustees and the Civil Service Commissioners announce that a successor to the Librarian will be appointed shortly to take up duty on August 1, 1953. Inclusive salary £1,825. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4145/52. Completed application forms must be returned by June 30, 1952.

GRADUATE Master, single, not over 45, required in September for coeducational school (vegetarian) with proportion of difficult children. Box 1600.

YOUNG Assistant Housemaster required in September to help with general supervision and out of school activities of a group of boys aged 11-16 years. Ability to give help with dramatic work, drawing or woodwork an advantage. The post is for a period not exceeding one year and could be held for six months. Good experience for a young man interested in social work amongst deprived children prior to entrance to the University or probation officers' or teachers' training courses. Highest references required. Salary according to experience. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

ROYAL Geographical Society. Applications are invited, preferably from graduates with experience of editorial work, for the post of Assistant to the Editor of the "Geographical Journal" and other publications. Applications stating salary required should be received by the Director, 1 Kensington Gore, S.W.7, not later than July 1.

WHY not be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £200-£225 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write to the Matron, The West Hill Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for illustrated brochure and full particulars.

CANE Hill Hospital Management Committee, Coulsdon, Surrey. Applications are invited for the position of Psychiatric Social Worker. The hospital provides accommodation for over 2,000 male and female patients and serves a wide area in South London where five out-patient clinics are held. Clerical assistance is provided. Applicants must hold a Mental Health Certificate approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with those prescribed by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council "A" for the Health Services. Applications giving the names of two referees should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

MATRON, single, not over 45, reqd. in Sept. for coed. school (vegetarian) with proportion of difficult children. Box 1607.

WANTED immediately: Experienced Bookseller with working knowledge of stationery to take charge of established Book and Stationery Department in North London Departmental Store. Excellent opportunity with good prospects for keen young man or woman possessing initiative and ability. Commencing salary £7 10s. Apply in writing, giving full particulars of age, experience, etc., to Staff Office (NSN), London Co-operative Society, Ltd., 54 Maryland St., London, E.15.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Outside Broadcasts Producer at Glasgow. Duties include arranging outside broadcasts, contributing ideas for programmes and responsibility for their production, dealing with running commentaries and eye witness accounts. Essential qualifications: Organising ability, an eye for detail, some experience of reporting, a wide vocabulary, a good microphone voice and ability to describe events in an interesting way. Production experience desirable. Candidates should also have thorough practical knowledge of Scotland and her communications, full understanding of Scottish ceremonies and formal occasions, sport and pastimes. Starting salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £1,065 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Glasgow, N. Stn.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications invited from men for appointment as Visiting Officer in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of Children's Homes, boarding out and supervision of older boys, and attendance at juvenile courts. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience but will not exceed a maximum of £545 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointments subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than June 18, 1952. Canvassing forbidden.

GLAMORGAN County Council. Children's Committee. Regional Remand Home for Girls, Sully. Applications are invited from suitable women under 40 years of age for the post of Superintendent at the Regional Remand Home for Girls, Sully, which accommodates 19 girls. Qualifications: Teacher's Certificate or equivalent qualification and experience in other work. Salary: Burnham Scale with free emoluments in kind. The conditions of service are those recommended in the Reynolds Report and the post will be superannuable. Forms of application and full details of the appointment may be obtained from the Children's Officer, "Glenside," Ty Gwyn Road, Penylan, Cardiff, and should be returned not later than three weeks from date of publication of this advertisement. —D. J. Parry, Clerk of the County Council, Glamorgan County Hall, Cardiff.

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. Sheephatch Camp School, Tilford, Nr. Farnham, Surrey. Applications are invited from suitably qualified teachers for the undermentioned posts to commence September, 1952. Free board and lodging in return for supervisory duties. Salary Burnham Scale. Men (1) Rural Science, (2) General Subjects. Women (3) Physical Education and Games, (4) General Subjects. Application forms obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, on receipt of a stamped (2½d.) addressed envelope.

THE National Association for Mental Health. Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex. (Approved School for 25 Senior Girls). The above school is for girls of 14 years of age and upwards, who have been committed to an Approved School and are in need of psychiatric treatment. A full-time Psychiatric Social Worker (woman) is required as from September 1, 1952. Clinical experience is essential. Experience of social work with adolescent girls and interest in research an advantage. Applicants may be either single or married. Salary within the scale £420 × £20 increments to £580. Applications to the Correspondent, Duncroft, 39 Queen Anne St., London, W.1.

TUTOR-Organiser required immediately by Workers' Educational Association (Eastern District). Salary scale £450-£650. For details and application form, send stamped addressed envelope to W.E.A., 7 Hills Road, Cambridge.

THE Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood, has a vacancy for a residential House Mother to take charge of a small family group of children during out of school hours. Experience in youth work desirable. Salary £200 per annum, rising by annual increments of £15 to £320 per annum, plus full residential emoluments. Pension scheme. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Application form from Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Road, S.W.16.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of Chief Clerk at the office of the Burial Society, Adler House, Adler Street, E.1. Age 30 to 40 with administrative experience; ability to conduct interviews an advantage. Salary according to qualifications and previous experience. Applications in writing, giving full details, to the Secretary, (W.N.), United Synagogue, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, London, W.C.1.

ALMONER (single-handed), St. George-in-the-East Hospital, Raine St., E.1. Qualified. Salary £430 × £12 10s.—£505 p.a. Applications with full particulars to Secretary, Stepney Group Hospital Management Committee, Raine St., E.1.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GLOUCESTERSHIRE County Council. Gloucestershire Education Committee. Applications are invited for appointment as County Drama Adviser. Salary scale £685 × £25—£760. Particulars from Secretary, Gloucestershire Community Council, Community House, Gloucester. Guy H. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

PRESS Agency requires young, adaptable editorial assistant to select and sub. features and short stories for foreign markets. Copy tasting ability and features or syndication experience essential. Knowledge Jewish affairs additional advantage. State age, education, salary to Box 1566.

MALADJUSTED Children. Two vacs. will shortly occur for Student Helpers (man & woman) at recog. special residential school. Useful pre-training exp. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

SHORTHAND-Typist reqd. for Child Guidance and Adult Depts. Salary £300 p.a. at age 26, rising to £375 p.a. Applications with full details to Secretary, Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont St., W.1.

WORKERS' Educational Assoc. Ldn. Dist. req. senior sht.-typist, know. a/cs. useful. Int. post requ. initiative and responsibility. 9.30 to 5.30, no Sats. Junior also wanted. Apply with full details, sal., etc., to W.E.A., 28 Woburn Square, W.C.1.

SECRETARY wanted early August, used village life, Highland climate. Shorthand, typing, driving license and commonsense essential. Farm experience helpful. £4 a week plus two furnished bedrooms, sitting-room, kitchen, nearby. Write Mrs. Mitchison, Carradale, Campbeltown, Argyll.

REQUIRED: smart intelligent secretary, able correspondent, working on own initiative, experienced in taking charge of small office, closed Jewish holidays. Write details re. experience and salary required to Convex, Ltd., 41 Brecknock Rd., London, N.7.

SECRETARIES or Shorthand Writers who are well educated and fully experienced offered excellent opportunities. Salary from 7gns. Also, continuous employment from now until September with highest salaries, short hours and interesting work for first-grade Shorthand and Copy Typists who prefer temporary posts. Fine's Employment Agency, 95-99 Praed St., W.2. AMB. 3400 (30 lines). London's largest Employment Agency.

SWEDEN. Educated girl reqd. to help Engl-spkg. family Aug. 1. Two children, mdn. flat. Own room with radio. Excel. hrs. Cent. Stockholm. Have had an English girl 2½ yrs. Good salary. Answer Mrs. Olsson, Grafikv 25, Johanneshov, Stockholm.

WORKING Housekeeper, age 30-45, reqd. for small modern house, N. London. Business visitor and son (school all day). Good salary and outings. Box 1585.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts in London. Permanent, up to £8, temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s., 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Rng Miss Topham, MUS. 7879.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

JOURNALIST, female, 28, 5 yrs.' editorial experience staff well-known monthly magazine; has assisted doctor catalogue medical films; worked advert. and edit. depts. this journal. Diploma Eng. Lit. Accustomed interviewing, office routine. Travelled, adaptable. Interesting work for mod. sal. or dull job, good sal. Any offers? Box 1547.

FRENCHMAN married British girl shs. work anywhere England for 1 yr. Educ. Sorbonne, degree German Studies, French Law, Cert. for Russian Studies. Tri-lingual, wishes to perfect knge. Engl. Any post with smil. remun./bed./lodging. Excel. Refs. Box 1224.

CAMBRIDGE M.A., outstanding academic record, 24, political, social, literary interests. Box 1342.

YNG. Sec./S.T. reqs. interesting post preferably non-commercial. Box 1482.

## BURSARIES

SCHOOL of Economics, Dundee. Director of Studies—J. K. Eastham, B.Sc. Econ., F.S.S. Entrance Bursaries 1952-53. Entrance Bursaries up to the value of £100 per annum are offered to students intending to read for the London University Degree of B.Sc. (Economics) at the School of Economics, Dundee. Selection is by competitive interview and by assessment of performance in the Higher School Certificate or General Certificate of Education Advanced Level or in the Scottish Senior Leaving Certificate. Full particulars may be had on application to the Secretary, 17 Bell Street, Dundee.

## WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Priv. Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

KENT: Strettit Farm House, East Peckham, Tonbridge. Comf. accom., excellent food. Moderate terms. East Peckham 280.

THE Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. A.A. appntd. Superb posn. Watchbell St. Ideal for holidays. New mgement & ideas. Rye 2216.

CHILDREN'S Hotel—Your problem solved. Write or telephone Peggy Roberts, 10 Montpelier Villas, Brighton 21479.

## WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

RYE, near. Country cottage welcomes paying guests. Farm produce. 5 miles from sea. Mod. cons. Quiet and restful. Also furnished thatched cottage to let at Pett Level; sleep 5. Near sea. Grahame James, The Mall, Iden, Sx. 'Phone Iden 205.

W. Sussex. Lovely country, 1 hr. London. Ideal holidays/wkends. Reas. Timberscombe Guest Hse., Fernhurst, Haslemere, Sy.

WORTHING—Home of poet Henley. Highest standard catering, comfort, real individual attention. 5-7gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621. Brochure.

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Good food, sunny rooms, modern house, large garden, peaceful surrndgs. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

GLORIOUS Brittany. Hotel Royal-Bellevue (3-star), St. Cast, near Dinard, from 1200 francs daily, full board, plus one free day after each 6 days' stay, allowing a fortnight's seaside holiday on £25.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Lovely now. Jersey herd. Golf St. Enodoc. Trout, salmon. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Lundy Bay, Port Quin, Port Gaverne. Under personal supervision Commander & Mrs. Bannerman. Excellent cuisine, all comforts gteed. Port Isaac 234.

ANNOUNCING a private hotel for those with socially constructive outlook, in resort highly commended for early holidays; mild, sheltered from N. & E., sunny; low rainfall. Normanhurst (35 beds) is splendidly appointed, faces South on best part sea-front opposite boating, fishing, own beach tent. Average £6 15s. weekly, including gratuities, early tea, 4 meals daily, coffee, baths, fresh fruit daily. Vegetarian if desired. Twin beds; Slumberlands; h. & c. Two lounges. Recommended by readers; also members Toc H, WVS.; Quakers, etc. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Prior booking necessary.

SIMPLE accom., friendly people, quiet Pennine valley; bluebell woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. From 3½gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge.

HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge. Comf., good food, friendly atmosphere. Sun lounge, putting, badminton, tennis. 10 acres lovely grounds. 5½gns. Baldslow 264.

DEVON. Bkf./Eve. Din. Fine posn., min. sea. Rec. "Fontenaye," Combe Martin.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty spot on South Coast 3 min. sandy beach, h. & c., Continental cooking. Children welcomed. Mrs. Golding, "Waveney," Park Rd. 'Phone 2804.

SCOTLAND. Brook Linn Vegetarian Guest House, Callander, Perths. Trossachs 8 miles. 4½-7gns. Tel. Callander 107.

FOR your 1952 Holiday make Exeter your Centre. Moors and seaside within easy reach. No town in the County more than sixty miles distant, enabling return journey same day. Brochure (postage 2d.) from Information Bureau, Exeter. Official Guide "F" 1s. 3d., post free.

SMALL Farm Guest House has summer vacancies. Lovely views, mod. cons. Reductions May/June. Lawrie, Homeleigh Farm, Menadue, Polperro Rd., nr. Looe, C'wall.

PORTHLEVEN, S. C'wll. Tye Rock Hotel. Ideal for early summer holidays & Honeymoons. Directly facing sea in own grounds; abundant home-cooked fare. A.A. recomm.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —31 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 6gns. wkly., 7-9gns. June onwards. Tel. 1944.

CORNWALL (South), Kennack Sands, nearby to Cadgwith. The Lizard, Mullion, within easy motoring distance Falmouth, Penzance, St. Ives. Quiet, friendly Guest Hse., near safe, sandy beach. Mrs. Smout, Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor, Helston.

COTSWOLD valley welcomes people of all nationalities. Unspoilt country; home-grown produce; breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2312.

COUNTRY Holidays! Good food, friendly Chse. Restful. Simple, comf. accom. £5 wk. Saltiel, Hill House, Long Stratton, Norfolk.

HASTINGS 4571. Enjoy ideal holiday with Socialist hosts. Terms from 4½gns. (2½gns. off season). Brochure post free. Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

FARM cottage nr. Polperro. Accom. available, 10s. 6d. B. & B. Bath with cold water—hot a problem. W.C. Oil lamps. Maguire, Treweers Cottage, Lansallos, C'wall.

LAKES. Charm. old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. conv. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 334.

BRONTE Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. Fine moorland walks with literary assocns. H. & C., good Yorkshire fare. Informal, comf. Welcome. Tel. 2113.

DONEGAL Bay, Eire. Village, Sea, Mountains. Murray, The Manor, Dunkineely.

SLIEVE League Hotel, Carrick, Co. Donegal, Ireland. Family hotel, electricity, running water, own garden, 6gns. per week. Close to beaches, safe bathing, Slieve League Cliffs, highest in Europe. Bi-lingual district. River, lake and sea fishing. Bus service. Write for illustrated brochure.

## WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

FRENCH Country Inns: modest, clean, comfortable, with appetising meals, in places off the beaten track (by sea or mountain or in the deep countryside) will leave the happiest holiday memories. The new "LS" list of the "Logis de France" with current prices available on request from the French Government Tourist Office, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking, Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere; log fires, home produce; write for booklet.

HOTEL Windsor, Bld. Verdun, Dieppe (facing sea), offers comfortable accom., good food, at reas. rates for week-ends or holiday periods. Also at Clos Normand, Martin Eglise, where excellent free Trout fishing is available. Marcel Lambert, Prop.

MAGNIFICENT Chiltern Hills. The perfect retreat for Rest and Relaxation. The Chiltern Gate Hotel, Wallingford, Oxon. Tel. 56. New Owner.

SMALL, modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

NEAR Pendine. Homely accom. offered in country house, own grounds, in beautiful coastal district. Tennis; billiards; safe bathing. Own produce. Terms: 5-6gns. Bus routes Tenby, Carmarthen, Pendine. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carmarthen. Laugharne 25.

EDGE of Dartmoor. Accommodation vacant on moorland farm. Home produce. 5gns. per week. Dent, Chelwell, Mary Tavy 307, Nr. Tavistock, Devon.

SOMERSET Country Holidays. Good food, 4-5gns. 4 persons or more at 31gns. Caravan on Somerset farm 3 berth, 31gns., August 4gns. Box 1487.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. 5gns. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

HOVE. For happy comfortable holidays. 4 mins. sea & lawns. H. & C. Excel. food. Terms from 5gns. 18 Rutland Gardens.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers varied meals, comf. & friendly atmosphere mid glorious lake & mountain scenery. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

EDINBURGH, West End, Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Pl., 3. CEN. 4871.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel; Send for Brochure.

HYTHE, Kent. Pleasant sea front Guest House offers bed, breakfast and dinner, 5gns. weekly. H. & C. all rooms, Coggins, 60 Marine Parade.

BEACON Lodge . . a select hotel, easily accessible to the West End and City. Tennis Court, H. & C. in all rooms, Garages, excellent cuisine. From 4½gns. p.w. Bed & breakfast from 14s. 6d. Excel. facilities for Weddings/Receptions. 1 Crescent Rd., Crouch End, London, N.8. Tel.: MOU. 7145.

PARIS: You are sure of every comfort at Imperial Hotel, 45 rue de la Victoire, 9e. Tel. Trinite 10-47. Sgle. room 700fr., double 900fr. Bkfast. 150fr., all taxes incl. Quiet, Central. Write for brochure or booking.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Driving facilities, hot baths, good food. £4 17s. 6d. p.w. Alpine clothing & equipment & expert guidance available. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country within reach Eastbourne; comfort and good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. Horeham Rd. 32.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. The house that is different. Every modern comfort in an old-world setting of great charm. Directly facing harbour. Boating, bathing, fishing. Good touring centre. Garage. Terms 6-7½gns. Brochure on request: Piggins (Phone 264).

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. A good holiday will make all the difference to the winter. The best air in Sussex and wonderful food will make you eat like a horse. Club lic. Sharpthorne 17.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards, Table Tennis. Licensed. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

HOTEL Reservations? Use HOTAC, the time and money-saving Hotel Accom. Service 93 Baker St., London, W.1. WEL. 2555.

## WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

GROVE Ferry Hotel, near Canterbury, Kent. Clifford Selly is welcoming old & new friends. Delightful seclusion on River Stour. Ideal coast & country holiday. Every comfort, excellent food, own produce, fully licensed. Golf, fishing, boating. 3-5gns. wkly. Brochure; Phone Chislet 102.

FINHAUT, Switzerland. Lovely mountain village near Mont Blanc. Good hotels and all amenities. Inclusive prices from 17s. 6d. per day. Very easy journey London. U.K. representative: C. Rackett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

FARM Holidays. Unique Book describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms. 2s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide (Dept. N.S. & N.), 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

## PERSONAL

WOMAN post-grad. stud., 29, shs. interesting vacation post. Expd. tutor, secy. (shthnd. typist). Own typewriter. Will travel anywhere. Sal. secondary consid. Box 1339.

WOMAN for pt.-time resp. 2 chdrn. school age. Sal./accomm. Kens. Box 1426.

YOUNG Italian married couple, University graduates, give lessons in Italian or would exchange tuition for accommodation. Highest references. Reply Box 1412.

HELP with young family wanted 3 weeks July. N.W. London. Keep and salary. Tel. HAM. 2551.

ITALIAN gentleman would give private lessons speaking & writing. Box 1509.

NORFOLK Broads July 12-26, modern motor cruiser. Would young lady join another on mixed party of five, separate cabins. Approx. incl. cost £25. Box 1570.

COLLEGE lecturer (woman) seeks holiday or post. Free July 19 to Sept. 6. Willing to go anywhere—home or abroad. Fond of children, experienced driver, would use own car. Box 1348.

EXPD. institutional administrator, univ. grad. (middle-aged woman) avail. immed. for reasonably responsible temp. work not commercial: mod. sal.; pref. res. Box 1488.

DRIVING to Madrid? Cpl. wd. share exp. (dollars). Leaving June 28. Wel. 3169.

FRENCH couple, schoolteachers, would exch. large pleasant flat, Paris, for similar N.W. London, 1-2 mths. summer. Box 1444.

YOUNG man, 24, grad., ex-Army last Nov., now in City, shs. 3-12 months' open-air work. (Tree-felling, archæological digging, etc.). Please offer/advise. Box 1409.

TEACHER (f) offers German & French lessons. Return hospitality in holiday resort. Any time July 15-Sept. 15. Box 1400.

HEADMISTRESS, 26, returning for further study Lon. Aug. shs. accom. exch.; pt.-time work, not necess. teaching. Box 1399.

CAR passage to Venice August 1, offered to 1 or 2 friendly people. Share expenses. Tel. Wim. 7520.

MALE Reader (30) shs. m. holiday companion(s) 2 wks. June-Aug. Box 1396.

LABOUR Party Agent (m., late 30s) seeks companion/s (male) 3 weeks' walking holiday abroad August; kindred spirits, politics barred; tour suggestions welc. Box 1300.

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## PERSONAL—continued

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CHILDREN'S Holidays — Bournemouth. Our 4th Summer house-party for those aged 7-16: Aug./Sept. Illd. brochure: Junior Holidays N.S., 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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SMALL, Homely Boarding House for Children of school age and young people, both sexes, liberal Jewish Religion, has vacancies, long and short periods. The house is run on non-profit-making basis by former Wardens of the Manchester Jewish Refugees Committee Children's Hostel. Charges therefore reasonable. Apply to Warden, Dunwood House, 401 Wilmslow Rd., Manchester, 20.

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SEE Austria (Grossglockner, Dolomites, Salzburg Festival, Vienna), July/Aug. B.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Gr., W.11.

ARTS Festivals, University Courses, Summer, 1952. Festivals at Aix-en-Provence, Avignon, Ascona, Menton, Nice, Engadin, Brauswald, Lyons—14 days' inclusive holiday from 35 guineas. University courses at Nice, Bonn, Kiel, Brussels, Florence, Geneva—3 weeks' inclusive holiday from 21½ guineas. Write for further details to Specialised Travel Service, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.6), 66 Paddington St., London, W.1. WELbeck 9935/6.

INDIVIDUAL Continental Holidays happily arranged for people with decided tastes. If you are open to suggestion, send for our illustrated brochure for ideas. Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. NS, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

CORSICA. This year make sure of the weather and fly to Corsica for a wonderful sunny fortnight on the Bay of Calvi. London-Corsica by air and 14 days at Camp de l'Horizon £39 10s. all inclusive, leaving £12 spending money. Apply for illus. brochure to: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. City 7163.

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## ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Gdn., Hol. 8881. Mon. to Fri. Evs. 8. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30. Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Rosamund John, Norman Wooland in "Dragon's Mouth" by J. B. Priestley & Jacquetta Hawkes. Ltd. Run.

ARTS Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. "Hobson's Choice." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last perfs. "The Wages of Eve to-night. Sat., Sun., 7.30. Mems. Barrier Across Europe: June 19.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evenings (ex. Mons.) 7.30. Sunday 6.0. "Autumn Fire," by T. C. Murray. Annual Membership 5s.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evenings 10.30 (exc. Mons. & Sun. 9.0. "Swing Back the Gate," a nostalgic Revue. Mem ship 5s. 5s.

EVERYMAN. Hum. 1525. Until June 8. Louis Jouvet, Ludmilla Tcherina in "Un Revenant" (A). From June 9: Louis Jouvet, J.-L. Barrault, Michel Simon, Francoise Rosay in Carné's "Drole de Drame" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. June 8, 7.30. "Four Days' Leave" (U) (Swiss).

BAROQUE Chamber Music. The Corelli Players, Director, Wilfrid Pook. Music by Ricciotti, Leclair, Telemann, etc. Margaret Bennett, soprano, Geoffrey Gilbert, flute. Conway Hall, June 13, 7.30. 3s. 6d.-7s. 6d.

DR. Edith Sitwell will appear in "Façade" at the first concert to be given by The Society for XXth Century Music at the Royal Festival Hall on Tues., July 5. For tickets ring WATerloo 3191 or MAYfair 7600.

MOISEIWITSCH. Chopin - Schumann Piano Recital. Sun., June 5, at 3 p.m. Wigmore Hall. Tkts. 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. Wigmore Hall (W.1. 2141 or by post from 192 Bolsize Lane N.W.3. (HAM. 9044.)

GEORGE Weldon will conduct Jacques Ibert's "Concertino da Camera" with Walter Lear as soloist at the first concert to be given by The Society for XXth Century Music at the Royal Festival Hall, Tues., July 5. For tkts. ring WAT. 3191 or MAY. 7600.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Sq., W.1. Chamber Music Concert by the Ben Uri Quartet. Wed., June 11, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

"PIERROT Lunaire": Hedli Anderson, Peter Stadlen & The Chamber Ensemble of The London Symphony Orchestra will perform this work at the first concert to be given by The Society for XXth Century Music at the Royal Festival Hall on Tues., July 5. For tickets ring WATerloo 3191 MAYfair 7600.

PETER Racine Fricker will conduct the first public performance of his settings of the Sonnets sung to Cecco Angiolieri sung by Alexander Young at the first concert to be given by The Society for XXth Century Music at the Royal Festival Hall on Tuesday, July 5. For tickets ring WATerloo 3191 or MAYfair 7600.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club. Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

LONDON Jazz Club, 140 Oxford St., W.1. Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 1s., guests 4s.

ANNUAL Ball, Caribbean Labour Congress. L.B. Sat., June 7, Victory House, Leicester Sq. Calypso Band and Licensed Bar.

RIVER Dance on Thames Steamer, Hampton Court to Westminster, June 21. 7-11 p.m. Tickets 11s. 6d. single, 21s. 6d. double, from Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

## EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Catalogue with Supplement 6d. post free.

BOWMAN'S, Camden Town High St., Colour Lithographs by members of the Senefelder Club. Closing June 30.

RAVENNA Mosaics. Arts Council Exhibition of mosaic replicas. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till June 22. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8; Sun., 2-6. Adm. 1s.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 2 Litchfield St., W.C.1, opp. St. Martin's Theatre. Paintings by James Stroudley—Figures in Sunshine and Shadow. May 24-June 14. 11 till 7.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. New Paintings by Lucian Freud. First Exhibition of Paintings by Martin Froy. Until June 14.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. From Boudin to Braque: Spring Exhibn.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Osbert Lancaster; Richard Eurich, A.R.A., & Alan Reynolds. Group of oil panels by Ethel Walker & Derwent Lees. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closing June 28.

FRANCES Hodgkins, Gwen John, Ethel Walker. A Memorial Exhibition organised with the Arts Council. Tate Gallery. Open till June 15. 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters—New Acquisitions—Boudin, Braque, Fantin, Monet, etc. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily, including Sundays, 10 to 7.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

PICASSO, Stanley Spencer, Ruskin Spear, Bawden, Boswell, Hurry, Minton, Passmore, Rowntree, Weight, Guttuso, Leger, Lurcat, Pignon—at the second great "Artists For Peace" Exhibition, 10.30 a.m.-7.30 p.m., June 11-22 (Sunday inc.), Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, Russell Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 1s. All works for sale. Prices to suit all pockets.

PARSONS Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Prints by Leslie French & Richard McDonald. May 19-June 13 daily, 10-5. Not Sats.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Summer Exhibition. 10-5. Adm. 1s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Contemporary Jewish Artists. June 10-July 4. Admission 1s.

ALA. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Prints and Drawings. Daily 11-6. Saturdays incl. Also Picture Lending Library.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. "Expressionist Painting."

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SE. ASIA: Fabian conference with Dr. Victor Purcell, Dorothy Woodman & Woodrow Wyatt, M.P. Chairman: Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P. June 7, from 2.30 p.m., at Caxton Hall, Westminster. Tickets 2s. 6d. from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 14 at 6 p.m. Mme. Lilly Feroé Marfé: "Sigmund Freud: his personality, life and work."

FORUM on S. Africa. "Colour Bar and Democracy." R. Sorensen, M.P., Dr. Banda, B. Davidson. Caxton Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1. Wed., June 18, 7.30. Democratic S. Africa Committee.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., June 12, 6.30 p.m. Lecture by Hugo Van de Perre, journalist: "Une promenade anglo-belge a Londres." Adm. Free.

"THE Spiritual Possibilities of Judaism To-day." Lecture by the Hon. Lily H. Montagu, O.B.E., J.P. (3rd Annual Claude Montefiore Lecture). Tuesday, June 14, at 8.15 p.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum, "Whither the British Empire?" Brains Trust. Mr. G. Beresford Craddock, M.P. (Conservative), Mrs. Irene White, M.P. (Labour), Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C. Wed., June 11, 7.30 p.m., at the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 5s. 6d. Hon. Sec. WEL. 0136.

PROF. A. C. Sprague: "Some Shakespeare Performances on the Open Stage." Shakespeare Stage Society, Arts Theatre, Gt. Newport St. June 10, 7.30. 2s. at door.

"SCOTTISH Composers of To-day." Introd. by Hugh MacDiarmid. Fri. June 6, 8 p.m., I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St. W.1.

POLISH Cultural Institute presents Documentaries and Shorts illustrating development of Polish Film Industry: speaker, Sid Cole. Hanover Theatre, Wardour St., Friday, June 6, 7.45 p.m. All welcome.

MBIYU Koinange: "Central African Federation." South African Students' Association at W.A.S.U., 13 Chelsea Embankment. 8 p.m., Tuesday, June 10.

"EAST-West Trade." First public report on World Economic Conference. H. Davies, M.P., M. H. Dobb, S. Silverman, M.P., J. Slater. Wed., June 18, 7.30, Conway Hall, W.C.1. Tickets 1s. from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. (Wes. 1571).

CARIBBEAN Labour Congress L.B. Annual General Meeting at 3 p.m. Sunday, June 8, 20 Point Street, S.W.1, Knightsbridge Station. Members and friends invited.

TARBUT La'Am Jewish Cultural Centre. "Scientific Research In Israel": Dr. J. B. S. Braverman, Scientific Attaché Israel Legation. June 8. 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. 8 p.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. June 8, Dr. Helen Rosenau, "The Humanism of Leonardo da Vinci." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

"THE Technique of Interior Prayer," Edward Gill (General Secy., Theosophical Society in Scotland). Sun., June 8, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10): Meditation & Gita at the Centre every Sunday 5.30 p.m. Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., June 12, 7.30 p.m. "Path of Meditation in the Gita."

THEOSOPHY, Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. June 8: "Self-integration, Self-transformation."

J. HUTTON Hynd: "Christianity as Moral Heresy." At the Ethical Church, 4A Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., June 8, at 11 a.m.

BUDDHIST Society, Public Lecture Wed., June 11, 6.30 p.m. at 106 Great Russell St., W.C.1. "Problems Confronting Modern Buddhism": Mr. F. Meints.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St., London, E.C.2. Four Lectures on "Lyric Aspects of Some Living Poets" will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, Nevill Coghill, Esq., M.A., on Mon. to Thurs., June 9-12. The Lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

EXPERIMENTAL Painting & Modelling week-ends at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon., both for those who can and for those who think they can't but would like to. June 13-16, July 18-21. Checkendon 221.

SPANISH. Intensive Course, London, August 6-16, mornings only. Classes for all grades. Details: Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1.

MANAGEMENT Studies: The College of Commerce, Bristol, announces a new course commencing in Sept. for graduates and those of similar age. Prospectus showing its particular features obtainable from St. George's Road, Bristol, 1.

HUMAN Relations in Industry. North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., London, N.W.5, offers one-month full-time courses for middle and lower levels of management. New series begins September. Call, write or phone GULliver 1154, ext. 11.

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## SUMMER SCHOOLS

URCHFONT Manor. Selected July Courses, July 14-16. "Pewsey Vale and Wiltshire Downs." Local studies to include buildings, wild life, geography and rural industries. July 18-20. "Travels in Spain." The country, the people, the arts of Spain. July 25-31. "A Box of Books." Six great novels which illuminate various aspects of the Victorian social scene. Details and full summer programme from The Warden (A), Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

FABIAN Summer Schools throughout August, 1932: 2-9: Hope, Derbyshire, "The Prospect for Socialism" (Directed by Michael Stewart, M.P., and Mary Stewart); 9-16: Beatrice Webb House, Darking, "The Commonwealth in World Affairs" (Ian Mikardo, M.P.); 16-23: Kingsley College, Broadstairs, "The New Fabianism" (Geoffrey de Freitas, M.P.); 23-30: Fressham Heights, Farnham, "Contemporary Problems and the Fabian Approach" (John Parker, M.P.). Parties from 11 Dartmouth St. S.W.1.

INTERNATIONAL House Party Holidays; enjoy a pleasant holiday in the company of interesting people from Britain or abroad. July 25 to August 30, Sussex and Berkshire. Foreign language instruction & practice, bathing, tennis, golf, dancing. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

HOLIDAY Course for Continental students. The 6th course will be held this summer from July 25-Sept. 19. Young people of all nationalities over 15 welcome. English lectures and all sports. Large estate, private beach, excellent & plentiful food. Prospectus from Secretary, Stewell Hall, Suffolk.

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